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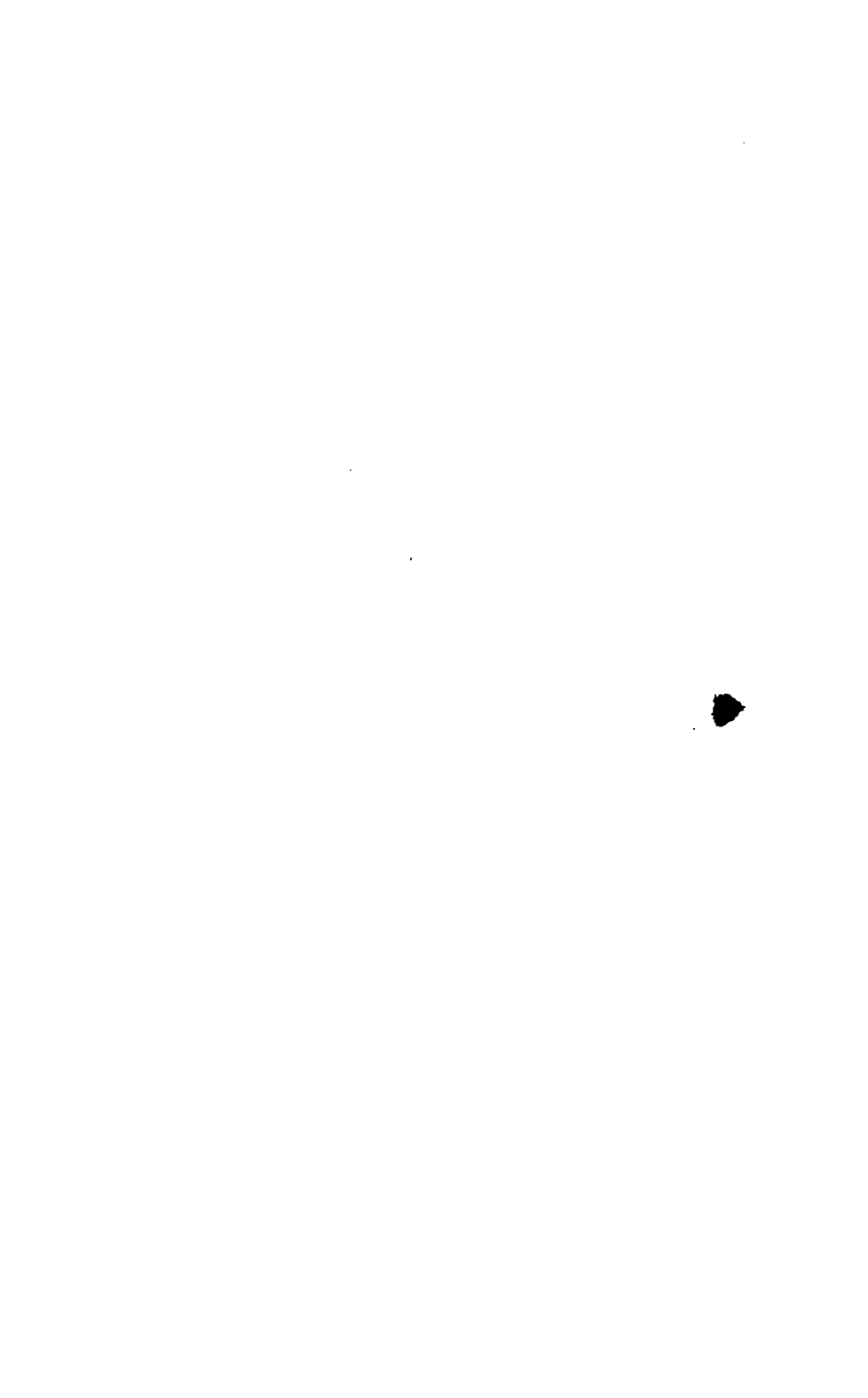
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OF BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
CLASS OF 1896







POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS;

BY

S. KENTISH,

RESIDENT AT ST. SALVADOR,

BRASIL.

SECOND EDITION.

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William S Appleton

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TO

MY DEAR BOYS,

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, & WILLIAM HENRY,

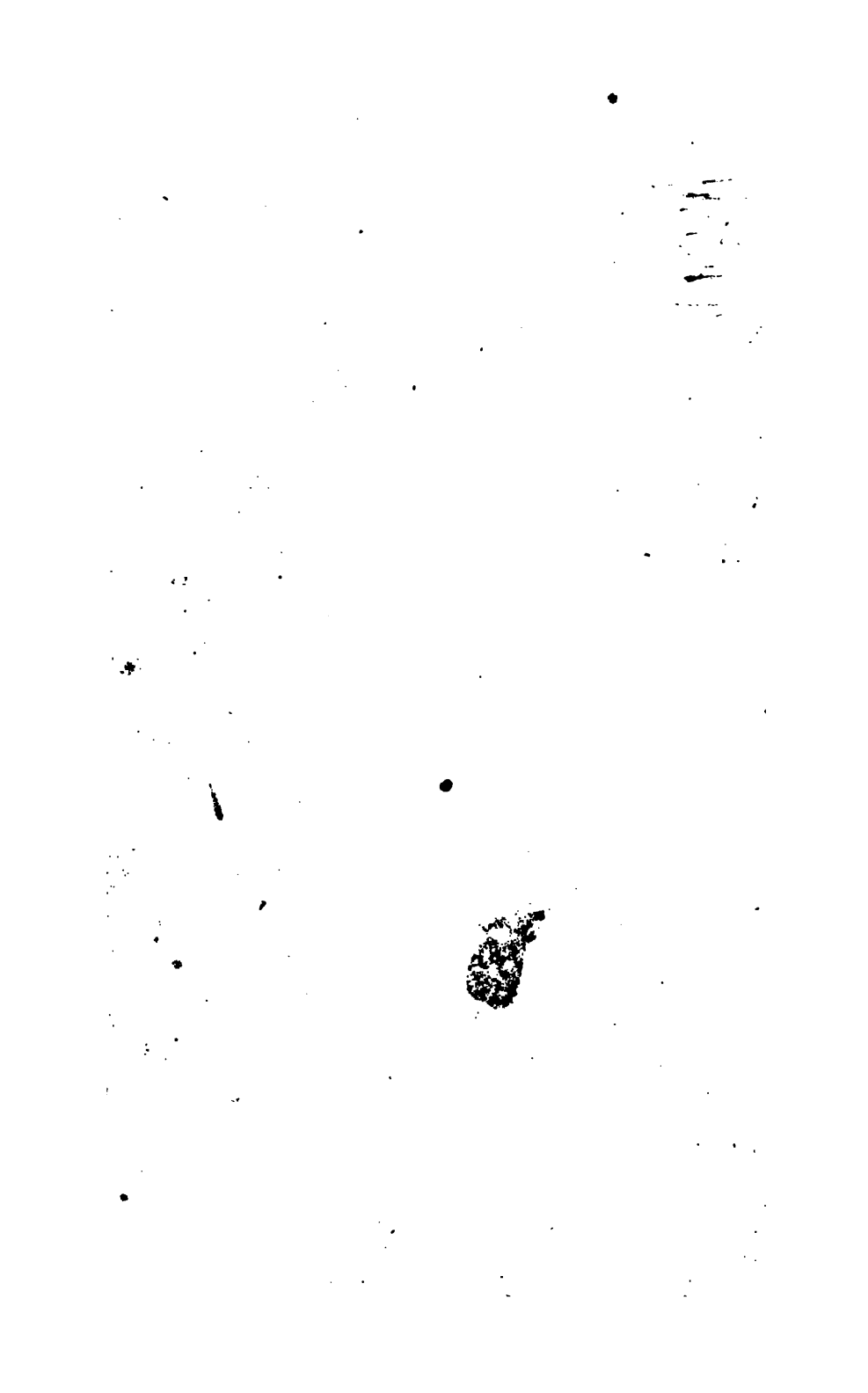
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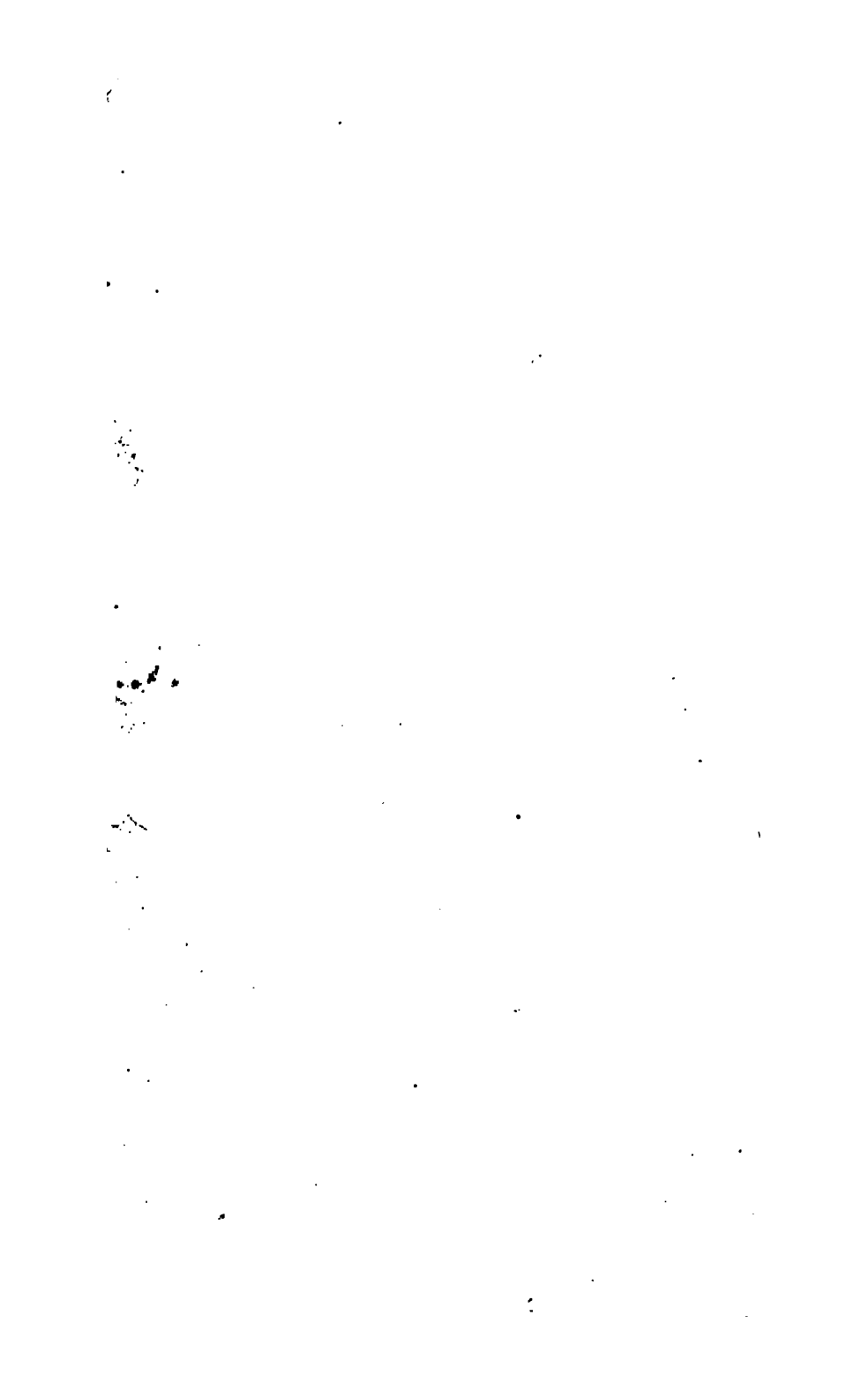
BY THEIR AFFECTIONATE

MOTHER.



Errata.

Page	2,	line	10,	for terrors,	read terrors.
"	11,	"	1,	yon ship so	" yon vessel.
"	26,	"	2,	or ease,	" nor ease.
"	28,	"	15,	Edgar,	" Egbert.
"	40,	"	18,	zephyrs,	" zephyr.
"	51,	"	6,	my hapless lot,	" thy hapless lot.
"	87,	"	2,	thro' groves,	" these groves.
"	88,	"	16,	affection's sighs,	" affliction's sighs.
"	92,	"	13,	sad sigh,	" sad sighs.
"	111,	"	10,	in the Tropics,	" within the Tropics.
"	113,	"	6	e'er been thy ray,	" ne'er been thy ray.
"	124,	"	2	there urged,	" these urged.



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POEMS.

Conjugal Anxiety.

“ Oh! coldly blows the wintry blast,
And long and lonely is the way ;
Dark is the night, the rain falls fast,
And vainly round my eyes I cast,
Nor moon, nor stars, their light display.

Oh! did not my Fidelio say,
Long ere this hour he would be here?
The appointed minute's past away ;
Oh! whither, whither can he stray?
My bosom throbs with anxious fear!

The faggot blazes high, and warm,
And cheers our cottage with its rays ;
And here, our babe, (thy bosom's charm,)
Unconscious of my soul's alarm,
With infantine contentment, plays.

Hark, hark ! he comes—no, wintry wind,
 'Tis but thy sweeping blast I hear,
 With all the tempest's rage combin'd;
 What apprehensions fill my mind,
 With saddest pictures of despair!

Perhaps the ruffian's murd'rous power
 Has stretch'd him on the lonely plain—
 Preserve him heaven ! at this drear hour,
 When clouds of sorrow seem to lour ;
 And grant my bosom's terror's vain !"—

She clasp'd her infant to her breast,
 And o'er it shed affection's shower ;
 But see ! he comes to lull to rest
 The fears which late her heart opprest,
 With love's soft, balmy, magic power !

Past toils—the bitter blast severe,
 Bid present comforts rise still higher;
 Add relish to his homely cheer,
 And render still, oh ! still more dear,
 His wife, his babe, his cheering fire !

The Prisoner to his Bird.

Poor little flutterer ! sad our fate !
Like thee I mourn a captive state,
And gentle pity prompts the sigh,
That thou shouldst share my destiny.

For though the joys of liberty
Ne'er led thee happy forth to rove
In clustering copse or leafy grove,
True nature's instinct bids thee be
Impatient of captivity!

Thou ne'er hast known the ecstasy
Of happy love—the tender tie
Of wedded bliss.—Domestic peace
Ne'er added to thy happiness ;
But I, alas ! imprison'd, mourn
Those fond endearments from me torn.

To pining want, a stranger thou,
For e'en that being's ruthless brow—
Who brings my scanty meal, each day,
Unfurls—while listening to thy lay !
Unwont to feel, he feels for thee,
Nor does he spare,
The utmost care,
To soften thy captivity.

But my afflictions can impart
 No ray of pity to his heart ;
 And here in chilling penury,
 And hopeless misery,—I lie.
 Sweet warbler ! thy enchanting strain
 Alone is left to soothe my pain.

Yes, little flutt'rer ! sad my fate ;
 With thee, I mourn a captive's state,
 And gentle pity prompts the sigh,
 That thou shouldst share my destiny ;
 For though the sweets of liberty
 Ne'er led thee happy forth to rove
 Through clust'ring copse or shady grove,
 Unerring instinct bids thee be
 Impatient of captivity !



A Winter Scene.

SEE, the darken'd clouds impending,
 Hark ! the tempest's loosen'd roar,
 See ! the snow in flakes descending,
 Whit'ning hill and valley o'er.

The stream, that lately we beheld,
 Run rippling o'er the pebbled ground,

In icy fetters now is held,
While desolation mourns around.

Yon stately oak, the forest's pride,
Adorned with honors, high in age!
Lies thrown upon the mountain's side,
A victim to the tempest's rage.

Yon plain so late adorn'd with green,
Is covered now with trackless snow,
With whiten'd tops the hills are seen,
And all conceal'd the vales below.

Shivering with famine, old and poor,
The ass stands patient on the plain,
Or wandering round the barren moor,
A scant subsistence seeks in vain.

The wilder'd traveller looks around,
With vain endeavour to descry
Some friendly hut—night gathers round,
And in her mantle veils the sky.

And now, when past the toilsome day,
The inmates of the cot assemble;
Smiles deck each face, each heart is gay,
Though forests huge around them tremble.

The cheering faggot blazes bright,
 And safe from ev'ry piercing gale,
 They gaily cheat the dreary night
 With mirthsome song and merry tale.

And while home's social sweets combine
 To yield them to content and glee,
 They envy not the suns that shine,
 Fair Summer! to enliven thee.

Love.

WHAT is love?—an April morn,
 'Midst its sunshine, storms are nigh,
 'Tis a rose that hides a thorn,
 Now a smile, and now a sigh :
 Bold intruder,
 Sweet deluder,
 Source of bliss and misery.

'Tis a zephyr slyly stealing,
 Breathing sighs, and kisses too,
 'Tis a flower a wasp concealing,
 'Mid its leaves of vermil hue.

Violets 'midst December's snow,
 By his magic smile can blow ;
 Deserts drear,
 Should he appear,
 With luxuriant beauties glow.

Adversity.

ADVERSITY ! though thou hast made,
 My fairest blossom'd hopes to fade,
 So long thou'st hovered nigh ;
 Yet now thy rigid features blend
 With softness, and I see a friend
 Beam in thy haggard eye.

Thou hast presented to my view,
 Undimm'd by fortune's dazzling hue,
 This transitory scene ;
 Where real worth neglected lies,
 And vice assumes the fair disguise
 Of virtue's angel mien.

And thou hast taught my views to rise
 To higher aim beyond the skies,
 Where grief can ne'er intrude.

The false, the real friend, hast shewn;—
 Then since all this thou hast made known,
 Accept my gratitude.

Song.—Matrimony.

YOUNG Lydia, ere Colin his passion made known,
 Was happy, no maiden more gay;
 At first she denied him, a month had not flown,
 Ere Colin's society welcome was grown,
 In his absence she sigh'd, well-a-day!

At yon village church, he soon made her his bride,
 But ere one short twelvemonth, they say,
 No longer her days in felicity glide,
 The sunshine of bliss seems to Lydia denied,
 And still she sighs, ah! well-a-day!

Liberty.

WHAT says that wild and varied lay,
 That's warbled from yon blossom'd spray?
 Does it not, Amaryllis, say,
 How sweet is liberty?

Yet place the songster in a cage,
 Nought can its misery assuage ;
 With hapless, ineffectual rage,
 'Twill flutter, droop, and die !

The soft ambrosial breeze that blows,
 Stealing its fragrance from the rose,
 Calm zephyr's whisp'ring sigh ;
 The rill that ripples at our feet,
All say, in accents wildly sweet,
 How dear is liberty !

Queen of the May.

THE shepherds around, in their gayest attire,
 Assemble to honor the day,
 Each blest with the maid their fond bosoms admire,
 But come dearest girl, whom the graces inspire,
 For thou art the Queen of the May.

The lark sweetly sings, sweet the dew-spangled flower,
 The blossoms that hang on each tree,
 But nature's enchantment is robb'd of its pow'r,
 Oh haste then, my girl, to enliven the hour,
 Which charms not, divested of thee !

A lamb, which the maidens with flowers adorn,
 I've brought by my Emma to rove,
 Then come from thy cot, and with smiles like the morn,
 Enliven the valley, without thee, forlorn,
 Oh come fairest maid of the grove !

With this garland of flow'rets the shepherds agree
 To crown thee, the pride of the day.
 Accept it from all, but *smile* only on *me*,
 Whose fond beating heart is devoted to thee !
 She comes—brightest Queen of the May.

The Shipwreck.

OH ! listen ! how the hoarse wind blows—
 The thunders, deeply awful roar !
 In livid sheets the lightning glows,
 What crowds are thronging to the shore !

Why leave their homes on such a night,
 What can their terrors thus excite—
 What danger lurks unseen ?
 Each visage pallid with affright,
 And wild emotion's seen.

Yon ship so late the ocean's pride,
 Now seeking England's shores again,
 In sight of land, from side to side,
 Is rock'd upon the stormy main.

The billows high as mountains rise,
 No ray of light illumines the skies,
 Save where the fork'd light'nings flash ;—
 Death frowns in ev'ry dreadful form,
 Loud shrieks the demon of the storm,
 And awful is the tempest's crash !

And now, with wild distracted gaze,
 The kindred of the hapless crew,
 To heaven their supplications raise,
 For *those* they never more shall view !

And see! the gaily swelling sail,
 (Erewhile full spreading to the gale)
 In strips and tatters torn ;
 The vessel now asunder flies,
 Ne'er shall its wretched inmates' eyes
 Unclose to hail the morn.

See where the mother clasps her child,
 And rushes frantic to the shore ;
 She stands distracted, hopeless, wild,
 The vessel sinks, to rise no more !

How deep ! how awful ! is the pause !
 But near a dreadful moment draws
 Which bids that pause be o'er !
 For, high uplifted by the storm,
 Each billow bears some lifeless form,
 And casts it on the shore.

The Goldfinch's Nest.

My Corydon brought me a goldfinch's nest,
 With joy I accepted the treasure,
 In a cage in my chamber the captives I placed,
 I fed them, their prison with groundsel I grac'd,
 And watch'd my young inmates with pleasure.

But oh ! when by instinct, or tenderness led,
 The parent discovered her young !
 'Tis inhuman indeed to detain them I said,
 And the pleasure I took in my present was fled,
 While o'er their confinement she hung.

In an elm whose embowering branches entwin'd,
 To the parent her nestlings I gave,
 To shield from intruders the thickets combin'd :
 'Twas approved by my Corydon's generous mind,
 For compassion resides with the brave !

Together each morning we watch'd them with care,
 And soon saw them mount on the wing;
 The shades which have shelter'd them yet remain dear,
 For still the sweet warblers are fluttering near,
 And round our thatch'd cottage they sing.

To Amaryllis.

'Tis not because his graceful form
 Is fashioned every heart to charm;
 Nor yet that his expressive eye
 Beams with such matchless brilliancy,
 That I these soft emotions prove,
 And give him back an equal love!

Did you not see him leave his flock,
 To lead yon peasant o'er the rock,
 Whose trembling limbs, and silvery hair,
 Bespeak his age?—with ceaseless care
 His generosity bestows
 Relief to all his wants and woes:—
 Then can I, Amaryllis, fail
 To listen to his tender tale?

Cast down that winding vale thine eyes,
 Where a neat cot is seen to rise,

There a whole family commend
 To heav'n their patron and their friend!
 He shelter'd them from want and woe—
 Then can I cease to love him? no!

The Caution.

SAY, Rosa! does his beaming eye,
 His graceful form, his noble air,
 Within thy bosom raise the sigh?
 Dear thoughtless girl, of love beware.

Love bids youth's roses fade away,
 It fills the mind with doubt and fear,
 And yeilds the soul to grief a prey,
 Then, Rosa, ah! of love beware!

Song.—To Henry in Absence.

OH! when to cheer night's darksome skies
 Thou seest fair, silver Cynthia rise,
 Cast, Henry, on her orb thine eyes,
 And think of me.

And when from this, thy fav'rite bower,
 I gaze at that same sacred hour,
 We shall, by fancy's magic power,
 United be !

Song.—To Ella.

Oh ! say not that it cannot be—
 All things are possible for thee !
 Midst direst dangers I'd advance
 To gain one sweet approving glance !

O'er alpine mountains climb my way,
 Through burning deserts gladly stray,
 O'erpaid—could I to Ella prove,
 That *all* is possible to love.

To the Robin.

LITTLE chirping tuneful bird,
 Oft thy warbled lays I've heard ;
 From the shade that skirts the vale
 Pleased I've listened to thy tale.

Summer's suns are seen no more
 Gilding nature's beauties o'er ;
 Winter's frowns alone we see,
 Snow-top'd hill, and leafless tree.

Quitting now the barren shade,
 Asking silently my aid,
 To my cottage thou dost fly,
 Sure of hospitality.

Welcome then I've scattered round
 Many a crumb upon the ground ;
 Enter Robin ! all you see
 Are the friends of liberty.

The Inundation.

SEE—where the river swelling wide
 Disdains to keep its former bound,
 Ah see ! the torrent's rushing tide
 In one vast deluge spreads around.

Hurl'd onward by its wreckless course,
 Herds, harvest, flocks are swept away ;

The cottage sinks beneath its force,
O'erwhelm'd by its resistless sway.

From thence no more its infant throng
Shall fondly rush with eager pace
To meet their sire who hastes along,
And struggle for the first embrace.

Beneath its roof with matron love,
No more the rustic meal prepared,
With comfort, wealth can seldom prove,
By labour won, with rapture shared !

The husbandman from far discerns
The wreck of all the little gain
Which industry so hardly earns—
His drowning flock, and delug'd plain.

He gazes wild, and fancy turns
To unprovided winter's woes !
And o'er his houseless babes he mourns—
While round the inundation flows !

Despair.

THE slave who drags his galling chain,
 Or rows the galley o'er the main,
 And mourns his hapless lot in vain,—
 Is blest, compared with me.

Though chains his weary body bind,
 He grieves, and then he grows resign'd;
 But oh! the bondage of the mind
 Is ceaseless misery!

To the Memory of a beloved Infant.

THOU sunniest beam of bliss that e'er
 Shone on life's doubtful day!
 My love, my hope, my cherish'd care,
 Whose smile I long had hop'd to share,
 My dear lost cherub, say —

Dost thou behold the tears that flow
 Upon thy lonely tomb?

Canst thou a transient glance bestow
 Upon thy hapless mother's woe,
 Mourning thy short-liv'd bloom?

Why did that mild bewitching eye,
 Speak rapture to my soul?
 Ah! rapture, closed in sorrow's sigh,
 Thus thy delusive extacy
 Still ends its fond controul!

These flow'rs that smil'd so fresh at morn,
 Cropp'd in their earliest bloom,
 I scatter o'er thy silent tomb,
 Thy earthy pillow to adorn,
 And paint thy early doom.

The Gleaner.

SPARE gentle Reaper, I implore,
 One little handful of your store,
 For ah! a parent old and poor,
 Depends upon my care!

Oh pity, pity my distress,
 And gratefully your name I'll bless,
 'Twill save from want and wretchedness,
 And snatch me from despair !

The Hay - makers.

O'ER the field with mirth abounding,
 Rustic youth and maidens swarm,
 Hark ! the laugh, the song resounding,
 Ev'ry heart with pleasure warm !
 To the jest and social glee,
 Echo answers merrily !

Now the fresh and new mown hay,
 They with careful caution spread,
 To the sun's meridian ray,
 O'er the wide extended mead.

Jocundly the minutes pass,
 When all seated on the ground,
 Every lad beside his lass,
 Cheerfully the song goes round :—
 While to mirth and social glee,
 Echo answers merrily !

The Reapers.

THE early morn with rosy smile
 Foretells approaching day ;
 The reapers by yon rustic stile,
 Pass on in rude array.

Behold the sun's enlivening beam,
 Upon the plentious harvest gleam,
 Where sportive zephyrs sigh ;
 Those laden'd ears of ripen'd corn,
 That nodding, seem to hail the morn,
 On earth will shortly lie.

And now the yellow field they gain,
 And gaily reap the golden grain
 With social industry ;
 Active the swelling sheaf they bind,
 While with content and toil combin'd,
 The hours steal swiftly by.

Song.

OH ! tell me, tell me not again,
 Ah ! tell me not you love me !

For heeding that delusive strain,
 My reason would reprove me,
 And call me foolish, weak and vain,
 For fancying you love me!

Thou wert not formed for constancy,
 I cannot, will not hear thee;—
 Thy glance, thy voice, thy smile, thy eye,
 ALL bid me shun and fear thee;
 I dare not list thy whisper'd sigh,
 Which haply might endear thee.

On seeing a Painting of Time with Wings.

Oh thou! I cried, who hast pourtray'd
 With pinions graced, Time's rev'rend form;
 Thou surely art some happy maid,
 Who ne'er hast suffer'd hope delay'd,
 Nor seen thy joys in absence fade,
 From all that gives to life a charm!

Ah! tell me, has the weary night
 Beheld thy pillow steep'd in tears?
 Thy dreams, the visions of affright,
 Thy waking, void of all that cheers?

This I have felt ! this I have known !
 Then say, oh say,—if TIME has FLOWN ?

At length the weary years are past,
 To sorrow and to absence given ;
 My soul's belov'd returns at last,
 To make our home a little heaven :—
 I see again that sparkling eye,
 Upon our infants beam ;
 That voice, with magic sympathy,
 Has bid my bosom cease to sigh :
 The past appears a dream.

Each day some new enchantment brings,
 Love hope and joy our dwelling grace,
 And should I now Time's portrait trace,
 I'd also give him wings.

Ode to Peace.

Come lovely maid, Celestial Peace,
 And spread thy blessings o'er the land ;
 Bid tumult war and discord cease,
 And check destruction's fell command.

Alas ! too long affection's tear
 Has stream'd o'er valour's early bier ;
 The dying groan,
 The parent's sigh,
 The widow's moan,
 And orphan's cry ;—
 Too long have sounded on compassion's ear,
 And bade her of thy wish'd return despair.

Come loveliest Power ! for at thy voice
 Shall desolated nature smile ;
 Again shall industry rejoice,
 And garlands deck the brow of toil !

Our youth no longer call'd away,
 Shall in their native vallies stray ;
 And while contentment's grateful lay,
 With joy unfeign'd they sing,
 They'll bless the universal calm,
 When o'er ensanguin'd wars' alarm,
 As after winter's raging storm,
 We hail the genial spring.

Then haste sweet maid, Celestial Peace !
 And spread thy blessings o'er the land ;
 Bid tumult war and discord cease,
 And check oppression's fell command.

The Swallows.

I love to see the swallow race
 Round Emma's window wing their way,
 They tell her, spring returns to chace
 Stern winter's rigours far away.

The same soft nest, the same cool shade,
 Will see their cares, their loves, the same—
 They hasten to the faithful maid,
 Love's smiling season to proclaim.

Ere blows the breeze with breath so chill,
 Ere winter's icy form is seen,
 Or frost in fetters binds the rill,
 They meet to seek some milder scene;

Where summer suns in radiance shine,
 Where each fair flow'ret sweetly blows,
 Till spring again her charms combine ;
 Their happy race no winter knows.

Soliloquy.

Ah ! vain is art, and med'cine vain,
 Nor health, or ease, can they impart ;
 Can they a moment banish pain ?
 Alas ! they cannot reach the heart.

The daisy by the plough cut down
 Shall ne'er again its sweets renew ;
 Aurora may its fate bemoan,
 And bathe its dying leaves in dew.

But useless care ! it ne'er again
 Its former sweetness shall impart ;
 So art, so med'cine seek in vain,
 To heal or ease a broken heart.

Song.

Oh ! were I but that fragrant flower
 That blossoms in my Delia's bower,
 Then haply I might please her eye,
 And on her snowy bosom lie ;

Or e'en that gurgling fount so clear,
 My lovely maiden wanders near ;
 Or that sweet bird, whose plaintive song
 Is warbled these rude wilds among ;
 For she with tender sympathy,
 Lists to its melting harmony,
 While I unblest, unheeded sigh,
 The slave of hopeless constancy.

Fortune.

WITH vain philosophy I said,
 " Thy gifts, oh ! Fortune, I disdain,
 I prize this calm, this rustic shed,
 Nor of thy absence will complain ;
 No, Fortune I will ne'er repine,
 Nor wish thy golden favours mine."

Yet when I see by want opprest
 An honest heart neglected lie,
 The throb of anguish heaves my breast,
 And discontent with fate I sigh !
 Tis then, oh Fortune ! I repine
 Thy golden favours are not mine.

Egbert and Ella.

With heart wildly throbbing with hope and delight,
 He revisits each dear native scene ;—
 He hails the tall oak on the mountain's rude height,
 By sweet recollection endeared to his sight,
 The valley, the cot on the green.

For ah ! in that cottage a maiden most true
 He left—the delight of his heart ;
 Amidst the dark shades it now rises to view,
 And thither he hastens his vows to renew,
 And never, oh ! never to part !

Impatient and eager he flies to the door,
 Lifts the latch,—lo ! her mother in tears !—
 Where, where the sweet accents that hail'd him before,
 Oh what does the mother of Ella deplore,
 And why start when Egbert appears ?

Alas ! soon, too soon, shall the spectre despair
 Bid the visions hope pictured depart ;
 Forbid him affection or comfort to share,
 Turn the roses of love to the brambles of care,
 And infix every thorn in his heart !

The Gypsies.

At early morn, in tatters drest,
 The neighbouring village they infest,
 The village maiden seek ;
 And in her hand with curious eye,
 Pretend to read her destiny,—
 While wonder paints her cheek !

They promise on some future hour
 That Lord or Duke shall own her power,
 At least some wealthy Squire !
 On this the silly rustic fair
 Builds her gay castles in the air,
 And trusts each fond desire.
 Now well repaid they haste away,
 To pass the time in revelry.

Beside yon wild and spacious heath,
 The smoke in many a curling wreath
 From kindling fire is seen :
 On poles across the kettles hung,
 And round the blaze, the chattering young
 Sport on the level green.

Each gypsey views with joyful eyes,
 Heap'd on the turf the stolen prize,
 And now the feast is spread ;—
 And sickness lameness loss of sight
 Assumed, compassion to excite,
 Are for the moment fled :
 And thus with song, and mirth and glee,
 They spend each night in revelry.

To an early Snow-drop.

To thee I tune my rustic lay,
 Thou earliest, sweetest child of spring ;
 For pleas'd I see thee in my way,
 And of thy humble beauties sing.

'Midst wintry eve and cloudy morn
 Thy lovely tender form appears ;
 Though round thee blows the chilling storm,
 And nature's eye is dimm'd with tears.

The blast that bends the lofty tree
 Disturbs not thee, sweet modest flow'r ;
 It rages round, unfelt by thee,
 While forests fall beneath its pow'r.

And such the dangers that await,
 On high ambition's restless care ;
 Let me enjoy thy humble fate,
 " Thy sweet seclusion let me share."

Song.

Oh why ! deceiver, why
 Did Ella heed thy sigh,
 Nor dreaming danger nigh,
 Dare to believe thee ?

Why didst thou seek to gain
 That heart long sought in vain,
 Then leave me to complain,
 To sorrow leave me ?

Song.

You say that you love me,—the maidens all say
 To Stella a thousand attentions you pay,—
 That the maids of the village alternately share,
 Your smiles and your vows, and that I must beware !

And yesterday evening you danced on the green
 With Janet,—with Rose at the fair you were seen;—
 Go, go—since your heart can so easily rove,
 It must be a stranger to truth and to love.

Cease my Ella, nor longer my constancy doubt,
 My eyes, my attentions may wander about,
 But my bosom shall ever thy influence own,
 It beats for my Ella, and Ella alone!

Song.—To Laura.

You say this scene is fair,
 And once, alas! I thought it so:—
 But grief is now transform'd to woe,
 It charms no more, my Laura, no!
 For Henry is not here.

Ah me! the sole delight
 Of this fond heart, is far away;
 In vain to me Aurora's ray,
 'Tis for the happy to be gay;
 My hopes have set in night!

The Cuckoo.

LITTLE harbinger of spring,
 With delight thy note I hail;
 Welcome is the news you bring,
 Glad I listen to thy tale,
 Borne upon the evening gale.

Rustic maids with artless glee
 Now their rural dances lead,
 Spring's return with joy they see,
 Decking mountain, grove and mead.

Now the faithful shepherd youth
 Seeks the maiden of his heart,
 Artless constancy and truth
 Every glance and word impart;
 Glad thy welcome note they hail,
 Borne upon the evening gale.

Life.

BRIGHT the dew at early morn
 Glitters on the blossom'd thorn;
 Ere a moment—it is gone
 To shine no more;

Sweet, oh sweet! the blushing rose,
 Which in early beauty blows,
 Yet the transient charms it shews
 Are quickly o'er.

Such oh life! thy fleeting day,
 So thy pleasures pass away,
 And nought can thy departing ray
 Of bliss restore.

The Twin Roses.

Two Roses on one parent tree,
 With dew drops hung when day was dawning,
 Bloom'd forth in sweet simplicity,
 Breathing their fragrance to the morning!

But ah! some ruthless hand too soon
 Cropt from its stem one lovely flower!
 Its leaves were faded ere the noon,
 And scatter'd near its rustic bower.

And now the other droops and dies—
 Sad pair! tho' fate your bosoms sever,

The evening gale that round you sighs
Will waft your kindred leaves together.

On one fair bush the rising day
Beheld your matchless beauties blossom ;
Together its departing ray
Will see you on the earth's cold bosom.

Song.—To Edgar.

'Tis true, I once did love thee more,
Than ever maiden lov'd before!—
But now, thy presence can impart,
No sweet emotions to my heart.

'Tis true, those accents which I hear,
Were once as music to my ear;
And tears of sorrow dimm'd my eye,
If haply Edgar was not nigh !

'Tis true, I once received thy vow
Of everlasting faith,—but now
I give it back—I love no more,
Thy long deluding reign is o'er !
No, Edgar—ne'er again I'll be
The dupe of thy inconstancy !

Love's Vengeance.

Yes, sacred friendship ! thy sweet glow
 Alone my steady breast shall know,—
 Thy heav'nly comfort can impart
 A cure when sorrow rends the heart ;
 When stern adversity appears,
 Thy voice the sinking bosom cheers,
 And changes into smiles our tears.
 Oh welcome ! heaven-descended maid,
 No more shall tyrant love invade ;
 To thee I consecrate my breast,
 Oh ! come and lull my cares to rest !

Love listening, heard my prayer and cried
 With mingled rage, and wounded pride,
 " Think not my schemes so soon defeated,
 Or Cupid of his conquests cheated ;"
 He said, and sent a sharpen'd dart
 With cruel swiftness to my heart,
 And I alas ! have found *too* late,
 Love's universal power is fate !

To Hope.

TELL me not, thou sweet deceiver,
 Happiness may yet for me
 Shine in colors fair as ever,—
 False one ! it can never be.

Tell the Nun in life's fair morning,
 Who has all its joys resign'd,
 That for her are brightly dawning
 Love and social sweets combin'd !

Mid the tempest's wild commotion,
 When each hope of life is o'er ;
 Tell one lost amidst the ocean,
 Pleasures wait him on the shore !

Then when they, thou sweet deceiver,
 Listen and depend on thee ;
 Then I'll hope that fair as ever,
 Happiness may smile on me !

Pastoral Elegy.

YE flocks ! that once with constant care
 He guided to the clearest fountain,

Or led to yonder valley fair,
 Or o'er yon high and verdant mountain ;
 In wailings let your bleatings rise,
 In silent death your Shepherd lies !

Sweet pipe ! whose harmony the gale
 In plaintive murmurs bore along,
 While Philomela ceased her tale,
 And on his lay enraptur'd hung !
 No longer shall thy warblings rise,
 For cold in death Amyntas lies !

No longer shall his Delia's scorn
 With sorrow wring his manly breast ;
 His faithful heart of hope forlorn,
 Now throbs no more and is at rest !
 And spring's first fairest flow'rs shall rise,
 Where cold in earth Amyntas lies !

The Misanthrope.

SHADES, your solitude I greet,
 Let your thickets shelter me !
 Lonely grot ! thy calm retreat
 Henceforth my abode shall be ;

Here no mortal shall intrude,
On my treasur'd solitude.

YEs! I'll quit the busy throng,—
Man's ingratitude no more,
Perfidy, deceit and wrong
Shall this careless breast deplore:—
May no mortal e'er intrude!
On my sacred solitude.

What though joy's fantastic train
Ne'er again will smile on me!
Free from pleasure, free from pain,
Shelter'd in this grot I'll be;
Nor shall man's deceit intrude
On this tranquil solitude.

Ode to Sensibility.

HENCE from my heart, it ne'er again
Shall hail thee, Sensibility;—
For oh! thou art allied so nigh
To sorrow and severest pain,
He who possesses thee must seek repose in vain.

Ill does this world's confused and vicious scene
 Accord with thy seraphic angel mien ;
 Soon frighted from the breast
 Where evil passions rest,
 Thou seek'st the peaceful vale of innocence serene.

Too painful inmate ! long, too long I've found
 Thy presence here with countless ills abound,—
 Henceforward, I'm resolv'd my breast
 Shall from thy sorrows be at rest ;
 With brow serene I'll bid thee hasten hence,
 And fill thy vacant throne with chill indifference.

The Faded Rose.

SAY Chloe, does thy flutt'ring heart
 With joy beat high in pride of pow'r ?
 Ah ! let this rose a truth impart,
 And shew how transient beauty's hour !

This morn its matchless charms I view'd,
 The garden's brightest, fairest blossom,
 By ev'ry zephyrs fondly woo'd,
 That passing kiss'd its fragrant bosom.

Fled are its charms, its lustre past,
 Its glory ever, ever vanish'd !
 Its leaves are scatter'd by the blast,
 And all its pride, its lustre banished !

And *such* is beauty's transient grace,
 Ah ! such its fragile, fading flow'r ;
 Which chance or time will soon deface,
 And rob of all its short liv'd power.

Not such the lasting charms of mind,
 The bosom's bright unfading treasure ;
 Improving, lovely, pure, refined,
 The sacred source of sweetest pleasure.

The Woodman.

His stick across his shoulder flung,
 To which his daily store's suspended,
 The merry Woodman plods along,
 His steps by faithful Tray attended :—

And turning from his thatch roof'd cot,
 Where love and hope endear his lot,
 And health and rustic plenty reign,

Brushing the morn's bright tears away,
 Joining the carol of the spray,
 He seeks the woods that skirt the plain.

The echoes to his song resounding,
 His faithful dog around him bounding,
 With tranquil peace his heart is light,
 His honest breast with true delight
 Hails the romantic scene surrounding.

A stranger to the restless cares
 That wait on pride and vain ambition,
 The joys within his reach he shares,
 Content and pleas'd with his condition.

In useful toil his day he spends,
 At evening home his course he bends,
 Where innocence and peace serene
 Smile on his cot, with placid mien,
 And love with all his sweets attends.

Landscape.

Those rocks in rugged grandeur piled,
 Their wood-top'd craggy heights behold !
 And all that scene so sweetly wild,
 Ting'd by the setting sun with gold.

Those hills where playful lambkins bound,
 And snowy flocks are feeding round,
 List to the rushing torrent's sound !
 And canst thou such a prospect see,
 Nor own its charms
 Thy bosom warms,
 With wonder and with extasy ?

Now turn and mark in charms serene,
 Yon vale adorn'd with flowrets rare,
 Which forms to that majestic scene
 A contrast tranquil, calm and fair.

The grove that skirts the fragrant vale,
 Where Philomela tells her tale,
 Where softly sighs the evening gale ;—
 Oh ! canst thou such a prospect see,
 Nor own its charms
 Thy bosom warms,
 With peace and sweet serenity ?

To a Rose.

Go Rose, take thy seat on my Emily's bosom,
 That bosom where innocence self is enshrined ;
 Go—picture how fragile is beauty's fair blossom,
 But how lovely, how sweet when with virtue combined.

Go, tell her how transient is youth's smiling morning,
 How quickly its sunshine is fleeting away ;
 Say—love is a rose, life's rude pathway adorning,
 And oh ! bid her gentle breast yield to its sway.

Evening Scene.

How welcome evening's golden ray,
 When past the fervours of the day,
 When zephyr's cool refreshing breath
 Breathes sweetly o'er the blossom'd heath.

Soft is thy calm delightful hour,
 And sweet the woodland's harmony ;
 All nature owns thy pleasing power,
 Thy mild, thy soft'ning sympathy.

Soft stealing o'er the human breast,
 The breast to love and nature true,
 Each warring passion sinks to rest,
 And rapture's tears the cheek bedew.

The hind returning to his cot
 Looks round, contented with his lot;
 While with a tranquil, heartfelt glee,
 He sings or whistles merrily.

He wanders with delight and joy,
 'Mong scenes where thousand sweets combine,
 Where village maid and shepherd boy
 In rural sports and dances join.

Through vales of tranquil happiness,
 Adorn'd in nature's gayest dress,
 Where playfull rills with murmuring sound
 Run rippling through the daisied ground.

Delightful scene! each charm is thine,
 Which varied nature can display,
 And sweetly does each prospect shine,
 Ting'd by mild evening's golden ray.

Song.—To Sylvia.

Oh! where that mildly beaming eye,
That soft, responsive, tender sigh,
That sooth'd my soul when grief was nigh?
For ever banish'd.

Oh! where that voice that could impart
Affection's balm to ease my heart,
And rob affliction of his smart?
Ah! ever vanished!

Alas! no more that eye shall charm,
No more that voice of music calm
My sorrows with the soothing balm
Of sympathy.

Entomb'd in death's eternal rest,
Yet in this fond, this aching breast,
Her memory, by affection trac'd,
Can never die!

The Recluse.

WHY cruel remembrance thus sternly repelling
 Each effort, his form to my fancy display?
 Alas! in this drear, in this desolate dwelling,
 My remnant of life must pass slowly away.

My prayers and my beads are my only employment,
 And with them alas! mingles too tender a tear!
 Sad maiden, these tears are thy only enjoyment,
 The last hopeless refuge of pining despair.

Song.

OH sweet contentment! come and smile
 Upon my rustic cell;
 No more ambition shall beguile,
 Nor fortune's lure, nor pleasure's wile!
 With thee alone I'll dwell.

A rural altar here I'll raise,
 Thy constant votary be,
 My lyre shall warble forth thy praise,
 To thee I'll tune my rustic lays,
 Oh! come and dwell with me!

The Wish.

MINZ be a cot with woodbine crown'd,
 A rivulet meandering nigh;
 Each flow'r should spread its fragrance round,
 To charm the pleas'd, admiring eye.

The feather'd songsters of the grove
 Should build their nests and tend their young,
 And telling 'midst our shades their love,
 Delight our ears with nature's song.

In this retirement's blest retreat,
 Soft friendship's charms I would enjoy,
 And Sylvia here in converse sweet,
 Would give each coming hour new joy.

My Henry too should grace the scene,
 Then brightly would the prospect rise,
 For friendship, love and peace serene,
 Present an earthly Paradise!

Rosalie and Strephon.

THE fairest damsel of the plain
 Was lovely Rosalie,
 And Strephon was the blythest swain ;—
 But all their pleasing hopes how vain !
 For fate was hov'ring nigh.

Together oft their flocks they led
 To the same verdant shade,
 When Phœbus sunk in ocean's bed,
 And evening skies were tinged with red,
 Together home they stray'd.

But ah ! upon a luckless hour,
 The tempest gather'd round,
 The clouds were sudden seen to lour,
 The thunder roll'd with awful roar,
 And lightnings play'd around.

The feather'd warblers fluttering fly
 To seek their leafy shade ;
 Poor Rosalie with fearful sigh,
 On Strephon turn'd an anxious eye,
 Which seem'd to ask his aid.

He clasp'd the maiden to his heart,
 To whom his vows were plighted,
 When fate hurl'd down an awful dart,
 But had not power their loves to part,
 IN DEATH AS LIFE united !

To the Nightingale.

SAY, have thy young been torn away,
 Sweet plaintive minstrel of the spray,
 That thus thou warblest forth thy lay,
 To the calm ear of night ?
 Or has thy lover faithless proved,
 And from thy constant bosom roved ?
 I Philomela, too, have loved,
 But hope has wing'd her flight,
 I too bewail inconstancy :—
 Oh raise again
 That melting strain
 Of magic sympathy !

Fair Cynthia silver queen of night,
 With soften'd lustre mildly bright,
 Sheds o'er the scene her mellowed light,
 On cot and ivy'd tower ;—

On elm that rears its arms on high,
 On little rill that murmurs by,
 And soft the plaintive breezes sigh
 Around thy natal bower.

Echo, from her lonely grot
 Mourns with thee my hapless lot;
 Congenial is this simple spot
 To sorrow's pensive eye.
 Oh raise again,
 To soothe my pain,
 That soft melodious melting strain
 Of plaintive harmony!

Song.—To Henry.

Oh wilt thou! when the smile caressing
 Of fortune, long has ceas'd to shine,
 The gloom of sadden'd grief repressing,
 Rejoice to think that I am thine?

Oh wilt thou! when we rove together,
 From where from infancy I've been,
 Still with the same regard as ever,
 Endear the strange and varied scene?

Oh think ! for thee I am resigning
 My parents, kindred, native home ;
 With thee I go without repining,
 In distant unknown climes to roam.

And should affection cease to cherish
 The heart I've given to thy care,
 Soon like the fading flower 'twill perish,
 That shrinks before the wintry air.

The Dream.

WHEN night's surrounding veil was spread,
 And all was wrapp'd in midnight deep,
 I fell upon my lonely bed,
 And worn with anguish sunk to sleep ;
 When fancy wove a vision fair,
 Of joys I long have^uceas'd to share.

Oh ! then in bliss I seem'd to stray,
 O'er scenes in absence long deplor'd ;
 And Edwin's presence cheer'd my way,
 To these fond, faithful arms restor'd :—
 Here every sorrow sunk to rest,
 And joy again illum'd my breast.

But soon, (reviving all my care,)
 The dream of dear delusion broke ;
 And ah ! surrounded by despair,
 To sad reality I woke.

The Power of Sadness.

Yea, that's the stream, and that the verdant shade,
 So oft the witness of his tender tale ;
 And those the meads where oft we've fondly stray'd,
 And this my dear my much lov'd native vale.

And that the cot beneath whose humble thatch
 Content and peace were used to smile around ;
 Where still the wand'rer when he rais'd the latch,
 A plenteous board and hearty welcome found.

And this the rustic seat, the verdant bower,
 And that the woodbine planted by his hand,
 Beneath whose shade affection shar'd the hour,
 And love and friendship held their mild command.

Alas 'tis o'er ! the same the scene appears,
 The same the cot, the same the verdant bower ;
 But oh, I hail their charms with streaming tears ;—
 He's gone, alas ! and joy has lost its power.

Song.

WHY does my mother say "Beware,
Nor trust him though he says you're fair,

I fear he's a deceiver!

Heed not my girl what he can say,
These men will flatter and betray :"—

I wish I could believe her !

But oh ! when in our native vale,
He softly tells his tender tale,

Beneath the hawthorn blossom ;
While tenderness illumines his eye,
And with affection's tender sigh,
He clasps me to his bosom :—

I own, my fond my flutt'ring heart
Feels as though life could not impart

One ray of bliss without him :
He says he loves but only me
With ardour and fidelity :

I cannot, cannot doubt him !

On the sudden Death of a little Boy.

Ah me! how oft the fairest flower,
 That blossoms to the rising day,
 Is cropp'd ere the meridian hour,
 And swept by reckless fate away.

Thus did his early infant bloom
 Smile on the morn with promise fair;
 But death consign'd it to the tomb,
 As envious of its beauties rare.

See o'er him love parental sighs,
 And bursts of hopeless sorrow rise:
 But sleeps he then to wake no more,
 Can nought her vanish'd hopes restore?
 Turn, lovely mourner, turn thine eyes,
 To where, beyond these cloudy skies,
 He shares, 'midst scenes of endless bliss,
 Eternity of happiness!
 There nameless pleasures throng him round;
 His brow with wreaths immortal crown'd;—
 And see! amid the heav'nly choir,
 He softly strikes his golden lyre,
 And hark the smiling cherub's song,
 In gentle warblings borne along.

" Haste from those darksome climes away,
 Where griefs invade and cares annoy,
 Through these celestial meads to stray,
 And taste our never ceasing joy.

Here, o'er these bright, ethereal plains;
 Eternal founts of rapture flow ;
 Here universal beauty reigns,
 And wonder, love and transport glow.

Weep not for me ;—oh ! rather raise
 To heav'n the song of gratitude,
 Of joy, of gladness and of praise,
 Who call'd me from a clime so rude.

For virtue pines an alien there,
 There pleasure is a fleeting shade,
 There hope is clouded in despair,
 And passions wound, and griefs invade.

Oh ! when the happy hour shall come,
 That brings thy gentle spirit here,
 I'll meet and guide thee to a home,
 Where endless happiness we'll share.

Till then I'll hover round thy walk,
 Thy guardian angel I will be ;

In dreams of this fair region talk,
And pay thy former cares to me.—

Then haste from those dark climes away,
Where griefs invade and cares annoy,
Through these celestial plains to stray,
And share our never ceasing joy!"

Song.

Oh! why did I ever behold
The expression that beams from his eye?
Oh! why did I list while he told
His fond tales, or attend to his sigh?

Oh! sighs only breathed to deceive,
Oh! tales only told to betray;
Weak maidens, such vows to believe,—
False shepherd, to wander away.

To Phyllida now he complains,
To her his professions renew;
Oh shepherdess! heed not his strains,
Too soon wilt thou find him untrue!

The Blind Girl.

SHE sweetly sings, and knits, and smiles,
 Beside her parents' cot ;
 And cheerfully the day beguiles,
 Contented with her lot.

Cheer'd by her filial tenderness,
 Her aged parents daily bless
 Her fond and duteous care ;
 For gain'd by Ellen's industry
 Are all the comforts they enjoy,
 The social sweets they share.

Her parents' smile, she ne'er can see
 The op'ning flow'r, the spreading tree,
 Bright nature's charms combined ;
 But he who bade the East display
 The rising sun, that gives us day,
 Bestows his intellectual ray
 Upon her spotless mind.

With sweet content I've seen her stray,
 And pluck the flow'rs that blossom gay,
 And listen to the woodland lay
 Of harmony and love.

With extacy I've heard her hail
 The new horn spring—its sweets inhale,
 Soft breath'd upon the passing gale,
 That whispers thro' the grove.

She'll round the cottage garden walk,
 Each tree, each bush, full well she knows,
 And with delight unfeign'd will talk
 Of every lily pink and rose.

And not a leaf or bud unfolds,
 Tho' Ellen ne'er its hue beholds,
 Upon her woodbine bower ;
 But by the touch she quickly knows
 Whene'er the clustering blossom blows,
 That yields her fav'rite flower.

At her approach the lambkins bound,
 Or fearless by her side they stand ;
 The robin redbreasts flock around,
 And feed from Ellen's gentle hand.

The self-approving mind serene,
 The rosy glow of health, are seen
 Depicted in her lovely mien,
 Fair peace her path attends !—

Yes Ellen ! he whose will denies
 That thy's bright orb should glad thine eyes,
 Thy spotless breast with light supplies,
 Which makes thee large amends.

The Resolue.

Yes, yes ! we have parted, and never again
 Shall this breast, false inconstant, that parting deplore ;—
 Oh yes ! we have parted, quite ended thy reign,
 And thy sway in this fond trusting bosom is o'er :

Then cease thy delusions, thy blandishments cease,
 Nor my quiet by useless entreaties annoy ;
 In an innocent bosom I'll seek for that peace,
 " Which the world cannot give," nor thy falsehood destroy !

The Flower Girl.

THE meads and plains I've wander'd o'er,
 I've pluck'd the fairest flow'r that blows ;
 See, maidens ! midst my fragrant store
 The jessamine, the new blown rose,
 The lily fair,
 The myrtle rare,
 To form a garland for your hair :

Oh! gentle maidens, deign to take
A nosegay for compassion's sake.

Behold the cottage on yon plain,
Beneath its roof from day to day,
An aged parent I maintain.—
Then maidens buy my garlands gay;
The myrtle rare,
The lily fair,
To form in wreaths to deck your hair:
Oh! gentle maidens, deign to take
A nosegay for compassion's sake.

To the Storm.

THOU pitiless storm, let thy torrents descend!
More pitiless far is the fate I deplore:—
Thy clouds shall disperse, but ah! what can amend
The bosom's sad sorrow, where peace is no more.

Awhile shall thy fury bright nature deform,
And the traveller seek for the sheltering tree;
Yet soon shall it vanish;—but pitiless storm,
A lingering sorrow awaits upon me.
For hope—thy illusions are faded and o'er,
And the visions of fancy can charm me no more.

Song.—The Dove.

Go to my Cynthio, pretty dove,
 And quick as moon beam, bear
 This tribute of Maria's love,
 Committed to thy care.

But say not, on thy downy breast
 A thousand kisses I've imprest,
 One for thyself, and all the rest
 For him who fondly gave
 Thee, little messenger, to cheer
 This silent solitude so drear,
 And all our messages to bear
 Across yon rippling wave!

Parting and Meeting.

WHEN parting from my bosom's lord
 What tears bedew'd my eye!
 What transports check'd each tender word,
 And breath'd in every sigh.
 But language fails my grief to tell,
 When sadly he pronounced farewell!

But when the mournful absence o'er,
 My love return'd again,
 I flew to meet him on the shore
 With tears, for words were vain:
 No,—words or smiles can never shew
 The heart where such emotions glow.

To Albert.

DEAR Albert, when next by our cottage you stray,
 I pray you to turn those fond glances away;
 My mother declares that you only come there
 To look for her daughter,—and bids me beware.

Be cautious, I beg you my Albert, awhile,
 The restraint shall be paid by thy Emmeline's smile,
 And ere a few months shall pass slowly away,
 Her hand shall thy long tried affection repay.

You know of an evening, when down in yon vale,
 We meet, and with pleasure I list to thy tale;
 With ardent delight I have oft heard you say,
 That "that moment repays the restraints of the day."

Then Albert, if ever you valu'd my smile,
 I pray, I implore you, be cautious awhile ;
 For soon will this transient concealment remove,
 And Hymen shall sanction and smile on our love.

Song.

THE pearl of early morn,
 That sparkles on the thorn,
 The beauties that adorn,
 An April's doubtful day ;
 The fair and fragile flow'r,
 That blossoms on yon bow'r,
 And's faded ere an hour—
 Thy constancy display.

To my Infant.

WHILST o'er thy couch, my innocent, I bend,
 And watch thy slumbers, and thy wants attend ;
 Or lull thee on my bosom to repose,
 And view with anxious love, thine eyelids close :
 Oh! when those little arms extend to me,
 When those bewitching dimpl'd smiles I see,

When soft I hear thy first attempts to claim
 My notice, by the most endearing name ;
 What sweet emotions in my bosom glow,
 What tender tears of nameless rapture flow !—
 But say my infant, wilt thou live to bless
 Thy mother's days with filial tenderness,
 Her bosom sooth, should sickness intervene,
 And ease affliction's melancholy scene ?—
 Why stern eye'd doubt the rising hope destroy,
 Why bid my soul mistrust the promised joy ?
 To show how near allied is woe to bliss,
 And how imperfect human happiness.
 Hope of my life ! when sorrowing thoughts intrude,
 And every fairy scene of bliss exclude,
 I catch thee to my fond my anxious breast,
 And every doubt and fear are hushed to rest.—
 That happy hour for worlds I'd not forego,
 Nor change the mingled draught of bliss and woe :
 Ah no ! a mother's cares her joys endear,
 And her's is transport's most impassion'd tear !

The Tomb of Constance.

An stranger ! see, beneath yon cypress shade
 Two graves with flow'rs adorned, and side by side,
 There sleep a gentle youth and lovely maid,
 The hapless victims of a parent's pride !

Congenial virtues graced each constant heart;
 Early their vows of mutual love were given;
 Not death had pow'r the faithful pair to part,
 Together freed they took their flight to heav'n!

To May.

SWEET May! thy approaches with rapture I hail,
 All nature around thy soft influence shares;
 Love's magic enchantment is borne on the gale,
 The woodland's sweet harmony echoes the tale,
 And smiling each prospect appears.

How fair are the blossoms that hang on the spray,
 What beauties the vallies adorn!
 Oh hark!—how the wood-robin warbles his lay,
 While the flow'rets their opening bosoms display,
 Begemm'd with the tears of the morn!

To Henry.

Go, seek in Delia's witching smile,
 To soothe thy guilty soul to rest;
 Go, bid her syren tongue beguile,
 And give to joy thy aching breast.

Go, let her fascinating power,
 Drive far away reflection's sigh,
 And to oblivion cast the hour
 Of virtuous felicity.

Ah yes! while fortune on thee smiles,
 Her fond allurements will be seen,
 But soon will cease her syren wiles,
 Should poverty deform the scene.

Not such, my Henry, was the love,
 With which my constant heart was thine;
 Not such did my affection prove,
 Since first thy solemn vows were mine.

Oh say! when sickness dimm'd thine eye,
 And bade thy Rosa's heart despair,
 Who o'er thee watch'd, for ever nigh,
 With anxious tenderness and care?

When stern adversity appear'd,
 And o'er our dwelling cast its gloom;
 When scarce one ray of comfort cheer'd,
 Who sought contentment to assume?

Who hush'd her grief—(tho' hope was fled),
 To soothe thy painful cares to rest,

And lull'd thy throbbing, aching head,
Upon her fond, her faithful breast?

Alas! 'tis o'er, 'tis all forgot,—
And fond affection smiles no more,
To cheer with joy our lonely cot:—
And soon will Rosa's woes be o'er!

Yet oh! my infant, can thy smile,
Thy cherub smile, attract his eye,
And not destroy the syren's wile
Which robs us of felicity?

His reason must,—it must return—
His heart's for virtue form'd alone;
Then with his orphan babe he'll mourn,
When Rosa's spirit hence has flown!

And bending o'er the silent tomb,
Where sleeps what once he lov'd so dear,
Affection shall its reign resume—
And sadly flow reflection's tear.

Alas! reflection then how vain!
Thy tears may stream but can't restore;
For then—thy Rosa, free from pain
And grief, shall smile and weep no more!

Shepherds' Song.

SEE our meads adorn'd with flow'rs,
 Pleasure decks our rural bow'rs,
 Love and mirth and joy be ours,—
 Youth will quickly fly.

Shepherds gay, and maidens fair,
 Love shall be our only care,
 Love unmix'd with pale despair,
 Blest with constancy.

Hearts to virtue's dictates true !
 True to love and honor too,
 What has care with us to do ?
 Strew the path with flow'rs.

Let our native vales resound
 With the cheerful viol's sound ;
 Sweet content, with roses crown'd,
 Guards our fragrant bowers.

The Milk Maid.

How gay is the song which the milk maid is singing,
 While lightly she's tripping the meadows along ;
 How sweet are the flow'rets that round her are springing,
 While echo attends and replies to her song.
 What though in russet garment dress'd,
 In nature's charms supremely blest,
 She wins each rural shepherd's breast,
 Pure as the breath of morn !
 But though full many a comely swain
 Leads forth his flocks across the plain,
 'Tis Colin only that can gain
 Affection's kind return.

How flutters her heart when at eve by yon stile
 She meets her fond shepherd, and lists to his vows ;
 'Tis tranquil content that illumines her smile,
 'Tis the ardour of hope in her bosom that glows.

 'Tis honour unsullied that beams in his eye,
 'Tis love, artless love, that is breathed in his sigh,
 While fancy paints scenes of felicity nigh,
 When Lauretta's sweet smile

Shall enliven his joys and his sorrows relieve,
 Shall convince him that hope has not smiled to deceive,
 Then with happiness crown'd he will bless the first eve
 That they met by the stile !

On revisiting West End after many years' absence.

Lov'd infantine scenes, here once trifles could please,
 When my innocent bosom knew nothing but ease;
 Here playful and healthy I wander'd along,
 With pleasure's gay smile and contentment's sweet song.

Ah ! yon habitation,—yet dear to my view,
 There the joys of a father's affection I knew ;
 While hope's fairy prospect beguiled every hour,
 And the future smil'd sweet deck'd with many a flow'r.

But faded those flowers,—and vanish'd the scene,
 And clouded those hopes as they never had been,
 And affection may mourn, but oh ! could it restore
 The warmth of that bosom, whose throbbings are o'er.

Yet still, oh my parent ! shall mem'ry renew
 Those days of endearment so swiftly that flew ;
 While hope brightly beaming shall point to that shore,
 Where the promise of bliss is ideal no more !

The Wandering Kilde.

WHILE thorns and briars mark my way,
 Unshelter'd from the storm I stray,
 And while the livid lightnings play
 Around yon ruin'd pile;
 Congenial to my sadden'd soul,
 I hear the awful thunders roll;
 And 'midst the tempest's wide controul,
 In desperation smile!

Yet once in bliss supremely blest,
 Calm nature's milder charms were dear;
 Hope rear'd her fabric in my breast,
 And love, and peace, and joy were there,—
 Such was my fate till doom'd to roam
 Far from the social sweets of home.

How does my heart, fond flutt'rer bound
 With thrilling transport at the sound!
 In that expression's little round
 Dwells magic sympathy!
 Even in the hopeless outcast's soul,
 Though storms and tempests round her roll,
 Affliction loses its controul
 While fancy turns to thee!

Beside thy hearth, thy cheering fire,
 The balm of true affection's smile,
 With thousand acts of love, conspire
 The laughing moments to beguile;—
 Lost to the exile, doom'd to roam
 Far from the social sweets of home.

The tale that's told with artless pleasure,
 The dance to mirth's enlivening measure,
 Content, heaven's brightest fairest treasure,
 Hope's dream of extacy!
 Ah! once these matchless joys were mine,
 But led from comfort's sweetest shrine,
 They never, never can combine
 Again to smile on me!

Alas poor exile! nought remains
 Of what was once so fondly dear.—
 Hail tempests! welcome desert plains,
 Congenial to my soul's despair!

Hence memory, I am doom'd to roam
 Far from the social sweets of home.

The Hermit.

WHERE you mountain's craggy steep,—
 Shades the lonely vale below,
 Where those willows seem to weep,
 Where the bubbling waters flow :—
 Shelter'd in a cavern'd cell,
 I have bid the world farewell !

Herbs and fruits my wants supply,
 With the water from the brook,—
 Safe in calm obscurity,
 With my cross, my beads and book ;
 Peace adorns the cavern'd cell,
 Where I've bade the world farewell !

Ask not stranger, ask not why
 In these lonely shades I rove ;
 View this form, this faded eye :
 Sighs thy gentle breast would move,
 Were my faltering tongue to tell
 Why I've bade the world farewell !

The Withered Violet.

CROPP'D from thy stem, thou lovely flower,
 Sweet short-liv'd pageant of an hour,
 To thee a rustic lay I pour,
 And mourn thy doom!

Thy parent blossom o'er thy bed,
 In seeming sadness hangs her head,
 Where once thy brightest rays were shed,
 But now thy tomb!

No more thy blushing charms around,
 Shall fays and fairies trip the ground,
 In rings fantastic, light and round,
 At evening's hour.

No longer shall the rising morn,
 Thy leaves with liquid pearl adorn,
 But turn'd to tears thy fate shall mourn,
 Sweet fragile flower!

'Tis thus the lovely village maid,
 In youth and innocence array'd,
 And glowing in her native shade,
 In beauty's bloom;

Till mark'd by man's relentless eye,
 Lured from her shades,—her beauties die,
 And chill'd by death's cold hand they lie
 In early tomb!

The Grasshopper.

WELCOME to the shepherd swain,
 While he wanders o'er the plain;
 Welcome to each village lass,
 While across the meads they pass,
 Chirping from the verdant grass,
 They hear thy merry song;
 For joyous dost thou pass away
 Thy time ;—thy life's a summer day,
 Contented, happy, free and gay,
 These rude wilds among.

Nature's various charms combine,
 And these treasures all are thine !
 Quaffing dew with mirth and glee,
 All thy days pass merrily,
 In sport and dance and song ;

And ere the wintry tempest blows,
 And these fair meads are lost in snows,
 In death thou seek'st a soft repose,
 These rude wilds among !

To Henry.

Oh thou ! to whom my earliest sighs
 Of infant tenderness did rise !
 Oh thou ! to whom, in early years,
 I gave affection's tender tears !
 Why did I ever gain thy heart,
 If fate design'd our loves to part ;
 Why did our bosoms feel the glow,
 Which none but kindred natures know ;
 Congenial feelings, hopes, and cares,
 Affection's throb, and transport's tears ;
 Oh ! why did love such sweets impart,
 If fate design'd our loves to part ;
 No beauties can their scenes reveal,
 Their charms, with sighs of grief, I hail ;
 Bright morn and evening's tranquil hour
 Have lost with me their pleasing pow'r ;
 What joy can beam on Laura's heart,
 Forced from the youth she loves to part !

I wander o'er the meads alone,
 I sit upon this mossy stone,
 And view each scene (to me unblest)
 Which once gave rapture to my breast ;
 Now nought can bid that grief depart,
 Which preys on Laura's sadden'd heart.

Song.

AROUND in calm and silent sleep,
 In sweet repose the village lies ;
 I only wake, and wake to weep,
 And heave affliction's mournful sighs !

How calm fair Cynthia's silvery beams
 Reflect their light on yonder grove,
 Yet ah ! on me no comfort gleams,
 Far from the valued youth I love !

A Dirge.

STREAMS ! in plaintive murmurs mourn,
 Tears let bright Aurora shed ;
 He who did these scenes adorn
 Sleeps in death's cold silent bed.

Flow'rets,—let your varied dyes
 Fade like Henry's early bloom,
 He in yonder valley lies,
 Tenant of the lonely tomb.

Philomela, plaintive bird !
 Cease to wail thy absent mate ;
 Only let thy notes be heard
 Mourning his untimely fate.

Maidens ! let your radiant eyes
 Pity's tender tear bedew,
 Let the sigh of sorrow rise,
 Garlands weave of mournful yew ;
 Solemn be his obsequies !
 For cold in yonder valley lies
 A heart to love and virtue true !

Song.—Henry and Ella.

Yes Henry, unmindful of toil or of danger,
 Thy fortunes I'll follow, thy footsteps attend ;
 To feminine weakness and terrors a stranger,
 Thy faithful companion, thy wife and thy friend.

HENRY.

Yet will not thy bosom oppress'd with dejection,
 While hurried and harrass'd together we roam,
 Regret these calm scenes, and with sadden'd reflection,
 Still sigh for the tranquil endearments of home.

And ah ! canst thou go where the battle is raging,
 Thy form is not fashion'd such hardships to bear ;
 Alas ! thou wilt die, and sad fancy presaging,
 Presents to thy soldier a scene of despair !

ELLA.

Oh yes ! I will follow with courage unshaken,
 No danger appals when my Henry is nigh ;
 No fear but for thee can my terrors awaken,
 For thee I have liv'd, and with thee I will die.

Native Scenes.

SWEET spot ! where life's soft smiling morn,
 Was spent in calm felicity ;
 Still fancy views thy blossom'd thorn,
 Thy flowery mead, thy shady tree !

And though stern fate has fixed my doom
 To wander from thy scenes so fair,

Which sweet content and peace illume,
I treasure up with miser care—

The memory of each bliss enjoy'd,
Which grew around thy verdant bow'r,
Where love and peace the hours employ'd,
Where sweetly blew the varied flow'r.

But ah! each verdant, well-known shade,
Each clust'ring bush and beauteous bower,
The pang of joy departed aid,
And add to keen affliction's power.

The Faded Rose.

Yes! thro' the live long day he wore
Thee lovely Rose, upon his bosom ;
And tho' in beauty's bloom no more,
(The pride of nature heretofore)
How dear to me thy faded blossom.

Oh! couldst thou, couldst thou but have seen,
While thou so near his heart wert lying,
Why lately grown so sad his mien,
And what those tender glances mean—
And why so oft I hear him sighing ;

How earnestly I'd list to thee,
 For sure the cause must be affection :
 Yes, yes, he loves but only me,
 This truth in ev'ry glance I see—
 And live upon the sweet reflection !

The Departure.

I leave—perhaps for ever, leave
 My native home, my lovely maid,
 The sigh of fond regret to heave,
 In solitude's sequestered shade.

Enchanting vale ! where artless love,
 First warm'd my breast, unmix'd with woe ;
 Sweet gliding stream, and shady grove,—
 Far from your lovely scenes I go.

Fair meads ! your flow'rets wild I've twin'd
 In many a wreath, for Rosa's hair ;—
 But Rosa's bosom *then* was kind,
 Nor I the victim of despair !

Sweet rill ! the witness of our love,
 Suspend awhile your gentle flow,

Alas ! in exile doom'd to rove,
Far from your glassy waves I go.

Farewell lov'd shade ! upon each tree
Inscrib'd my Rosa's name you bear ;
Here, once at eve she stray'd with me,
Well pleased my tender tale to hear.

And thou, soft Zephyr ! in her ear
Go breathe the end of all my woe,
Say, " fate soon closed his scene of care,
Forced from her lovely smile to go."

Love, sole Sovereign.

No—sacred Love will ne'er reside,
Where passion rolls his lawless tide,
Where hatred or revenge remain,
Or avarice or ambition reign.

Love's presence purifies the breast,
Nor lets one angry passion rest ;
He *will* be sovereign entire,
Or soon extinguish'd is his fire.

If then thy heart for splendor sigh,
 Or cast towards wealth an anxious eye,
 Or seek to bless thyself alone,
 Love's flame is to thy breast unknown !

The Nun.

In vain to me the morning ray
 That gleams upon my cell ;
 In vain the cheerful summer's day,—
 From life's endearments far away,
 I've bade the world farewell.

And oh ! that memory's eye would close
 To joys no longer mine !
 Alas ! they heighten present woes,
 And every pious wish oppose,
 And haunt each sacred shrine.

And when at midnight's awful hour
 The bell awakes to prayer,
 In vain for mercy I implore,
 For tyrant love's resistless power,
 For Henry claims the tear !

The Return.

BELOV'D retreat ! your charms I hail,
 No longer from your sweets I'll stray,
 Where not a tree, a hill, or vale,
 But some endearing scenes display.

'Twas here I left my lovely Rose,
 With aching heart and tearful eye,
 And wander'd far, oppress'd with woes,
 Unsooth'd by soft affection's sigh !

Full many a verdant dale I've seen,
 And daisied meads and rippling streams,
 But still on thee, dear native scene,
 Affection's eye with ardor beams.

No flower, tho' fair, is half so fair
 As that which in our valley blows ;
 No maid—tho' blest with beauty rare,
 So lovely as my charming Rose.

Belov'd retreats ! your charms I hail—
 No longer from your sweets I'll stray,
 Where not a tree, a hill, or vale,
 But some endearing scenes display.

Song.

WHY said you that my face was fair,
 And that your soul delighted
 To hear me own that all your care,
 Would vanish by an equal share
 Of mutual love requited.

Why said you that your heart was mine,
 And then,—upon the morrow,
 Leave me in hopeless grief to pine,
 Where happiness can never shine,
 In unavailing sorrow.

But why thus weep—weak foolish maid !
 Sleep shall not quit thy pillow,
 Nor shall despair thy beauty fade
 For one who basely has betray'd—
 I will not wear the willow !

To Edwin.

OH ! wilt thou Edwin while away,
 By time unchanged still constant prove,
 Nor distant scenes of pleasure gay
 Deprive thy Rosa of thy love ?

Wilt thou recall the happy hours,

When oft we've stray'd thro' groves among,

When Edwin deck'd my hair with flow'rs,

And hung enraptur'd o'er my song?

And tell me, will the pledge I gave

At parting still engage thy care,

And love upon thy memory grave,

My last sad look and silent tear?

Ah me! perhaps some brighter eye,

More blooming cheek or fairer form,

Will steal from Rosa Edwin's sigh,

And his inconstant bosom warm.

Perhaps with coldness now he hears

The name of her he lov'd so well,

Perhaps unheeded Rosa's tears,

Though streaming torrents ceaseless fell!

Yet why should still my fancy be

Thus led, when jealous fears combine;

Why doubt his changeless constancy,

Whose heart was ever true to mine.

Yes Edwin ! still I'll cherish here
 In this fond heart affection true,
 And soon thy hand shall dry the tear,—
 Thy presence every joy renew.

The Widow.

Oh ! *all* that now to me remains
 Of hope and life and joy,
 Dear soother of my hopeless pains,
 My lov'd, my treasur'd boy !

While gazing o'er each infant grace,
 With anxious tenderness I trace
 Each feature of thy father's face,
 What strange emotions rise,
 And mingle with my doubts and fears ;—
 Yet hope foretells thy future years
 Will fondly pay thy mother's cares,
 And soothe affection's sighs.

Alas ! while bending o'er the tomb
 Of him so long so fondly dear,
 Despair with overwhelming gloom,
 Forbade hope's smile to re-appear.

And oh ! I wish'd no more to rise,
 But sleep where thy lov'd father lies,
 But then my boy, thy laughing eyes
 Unconscious of our woe,
 Thy lisping tongue, that cherub smile,
 Had power my anguish to beguile,
 I gazed upon thee, and the while
 Felt tears of transport flow.

I clasp'd thee to my throbbing breast,
 With tender extacy,
 And while thy infant form I press'd,
 I prayed to live for thee.

And thou my dear departed love !
 If from the meads of bliss above,
 Where cherubs smile and angels rove,
 Thou canst our wishes see :—
 Our guardian angel ! still employ
 Thy care to shield our darling boy ;
 Oh ! guide us till we share thy joy,
 And are restored to thee.

The Retirement.

IN this delightful calm retreat,
 Beneath this spreading shade,
 At length I rest my pilgrim feet,
 Seclusion lonely, sad and sweet,
 Where care can ne'er invade.

Here glide my days in calm repose,
 Affection's sigh be o'er ;
 The thorn still arms the sweetest rose !
 Why should I weep for hopeless woes ;
 Can sorrow peace restore.

Ah memory ! there thy throb again,
 Retirement does but point the dart
 Which bids e'en reason plead in vain,
 Since love in his despotic reign,
 Resolves to pierce this aching heart.

On an Infant.

SWEET pledge of tender truth and love,
 Thy laughing eyes are closed in night ;
 Nor longer in this breast shall move
 The tender glow of fond delight.

No longer shall I fondly trace
 Thy father's charms reviv'd in thee,
 Nor gaze upon thy infant face,
 Enrapt in joy and extacy.

How often have I watch'd thy sleep,
 When no one wak'd to watch but me,
 And when my angel wak'd to weep,
 I too my babe, have wept with thee.

Ah me! that lip which smiles in death,
 Thy father's witching smile pourtrays!
 And is for ever fled that breath,
 I fondly hop'd would bless my days.

False hope, delusive syren, why,
 Why didst thou promise joys in store?
 Why fill with transport's tear my eye,—
 Then vanish to illume no more.

My infant, thou hast only felt
 A tender mother's fond embrace;
 And while beside thy couch she knelt,
 Her kisses on thy cherub face.

Ah happy babe! in peace to rest
 Ere sorrow mark'd thy sad career;
 Who only knew by love caress'd,
 A mother's kiss,—her smile, her tear!

To the Glow-worm.

THOU sweet gem of evening, with rapture I see
 Thy bright beaming lustre my pathway adorn,
 For thy glistening light is a lesson to me,
 And depicts the long vanish'd scenes that I mourn.

Yet bright as thy lustre, and mild as thy rays,
 The morning approaches and they are no more,—
 And such is the vision which fancy displays,
 Reality comes and its beauty is o'er.

Oh! say then my heart, what shall raise thy sad sigh,
 When hope thus deludes,—why her promise believe,
 Above this vain scene let thy prospect arise,
 Where transport smiles sweetly, nor smiles to deceive.

To Rotherio.

In the midst of yon valley our cottage arises,
 The vine rudely twining its windows around ;
 Lov'd seat of the pleasures this simple heart prizes,
 And bliss, which in wealth nor in grandeur, are found.

And there 'tis with joy I behold the fair blossom,
 Of soft breathing Spring and of Summer unfold ;
 And there give delight to a parent's fond bosom,
 Delight which is not to be purchased by gold.

I watch o'er her slumbers, I chase ev'ry sorrow,
 Her pillow I smooth, and in sickness attend,
 When dejected and low, promise smiles for to-morrow,
 And hope and affection to cheer her I blend.

Then think not thy riches shall tempt me to leave her,
 Or rob this fond heart of its filial glow ;
 Not for thy mines, Golconda, a moment I'd grieve her,
 Or yield up her bosom parental to woe.

Besides, there's a youth, who from life's early morning
 The friend of my heart still unceasing has been ;
 With the smiles of affection our cottage adorning,
 His presence adds joy and delight to the scene.

Then think—can thy gold, can thy station, thy splendor,
 My bosom seduce to attend to thy tale ;
 Love's all my ambition, and ne'er can it wander
 From my Edwin, my parent, my cot in the vale.

Song.

I pass'd t'other day where my Corydon slept,
 At the foot of a wild waving willow ;
 With soft stealing footstep full gently I crept,
 And he sigh'd while he press'd his green pillow.

His crook was thrown carelessly down by his side,
 I seiz'd it with tremulous fear ;
 And round it a garland of flowrets I tied,
 And bedew'd it with many a tear.

Then quick from the scene—quick as light'ning I flew,
 And wander'd away from the glade,
 For I would not—I would not for worlds that he knew,
 That his love is so truly repaid.

Mid-day.

See, the sunflower's golden breast
 Proudly courts the god of day;
 Trav'lers seek the shade, to rest,
 From the keenly scorching ray.

See, the bee, with care explore
 All the sweets that scent the vale;
 See, he woos the garden o'er,
 Roses bright, and lilies pale.

See, the lab'rer, faint with heat,
 Seeks the clear, the cooling stream;
 Rests him on the rustic seat,
 Shaded from the fervid beam.

To his toil again he goes,
 With content his bosom gay,
 Till the evening shadows close,
 Homeward then he bends his way.

Song.

SWEET rose of the valley, thy blossom I seek,
 Less bright than the blush on my Adelaide's cheek,
 With lilies and myrtle a wreath to combine,
 Around her luxuriant tresses to twine.

But should she this gift of affection disdain,
 And cast it unheeded to die on the plain;
 Should she check ev'ry hope, should she laugh at my sighs,
 And destroy the fair visions that smilingly rise.

But away with these doubts, for it never can be,
 My Adelaide smiles, and smiles only on me;
 Then go, fragrant wreath, that thy beauties may prove,
 A trifling memento of Corydon's love.

A Farewell to Hope.

THOU fond, delusive syren, Hope, away,
 Ne'er shall thy smile deceive my bosom more;
 Fled are thy pleasures, clos'd thy dawning day,
 And every fairy prospect clouded o'er.

No more shall fancy paint in colours gay
 Each opening scene, as calm serene and fair,
 In sad reality they fleet away,
 And nothing leave but sorrow and despair !
 No longer at thy voice this breast shall glow,
 The sigh of rapture rise, the tear of transport flow.

Song.

Oh gentle stranger, ask not why
 The tear of sorrow dims my eye,
 And why I ceaseless heave the sigh
 Of hopeless anguish.

For griefs within this bosom dwell
 Beyond the power of words to tell !
 And in this lone sequestered cell
 For death I languish.

And soon he'll come to end my woes,
 And bid my weary eyelids close ;—
 How sweet that last, serene repose,
 When hope's departed.

Life is a darken'd desert drear,
 Where hope can never more appear,
 And nought but death alone can cheer
 The broken hearted !

●

A Character.

How blest the heart that warmly glows
 With pity for another's woes !
 That feels the throb of tenderness,
 And wishes for the power to bless.

To spread o'er sorrow's pallid cheek,
 The flush of peace and joy again,
 The child of pining want to seek,
 And soothe the weary bed of pain.

How blest the heart sincere and true
 In love, in sacred friendship too,
 That fortune's vain delusive ray
 Can ne'er delude from virtue's way.

Undazzled by her glittering lure,
 When all her favors are his own ;
 And yet with calmness can endure,
 Adversity ! thy chilling frown !

He looks within his tranquil breast,
 And knows and feels he still is blest,
 For peace and charity are there,
 Benevolence and love sincere.

Grateful when providence bestows,
 Resign'd to what it takes away ;
 No discontent his bosom knows,
 Illum'd by virtue's sacred ray.

Unruffled by this busy scene,
 He sees with mild compassion's mien
 The vain ambition, sordid care,
 The wild, confused, tumultuous jar,

Of those, the abject slaves of pow'r,
 Who grasp at never-ending wealth ;—
 And calmly spends his tranquil hour,
 In peace, in innocence, and health.

To him, domestic happiness
 Unfolds her boundless store of bliss ;
 To ev'ry tender claim alive,
 To all the joys that love can give !

Hope smiles with him, nor can deceive,
 For his is pure and certain joy—

Which fortune's favors cannot give,
Nor stern adversity destroy.

The Bee.

LITTLE busy humming thing,
Seeking all the sweets of spring,
Searching all the garden o'er,
Adding to thy fragrant store ;
What avails thy industry ?
Soon thy day
Shall pass away,
Doom'd amid thy sweets to die.

Yes ! I see thee fondly courting,
Ev'ry blushing rose, and sporting
'Midst the lily's snowy bell—
Stealing fragrance for thy cell.
Soon alas ! that cell shall lie
Wrapt in flame !
And thou (oh shame !)
Art doom'd amidst that flame to die,
Providing for man's luxury !

The Messenger of Love.

TUNEFUL tenant of the spray,
 Swiftly, swiftly bend thy way,
 To my Celia's presence fly,—
 There with sweetest harmony,
 Tell her that I vainly sigh,
 Condemn'd to rove
 From her I love—
 Unblest to live, unpitied die.

Perch upon that verdant bow'r
 Where she spends her careless hour,
 Where in sleep she veils those eyes,
 On flow'ry couch of varied dyes ;
 Thy station keep,
 And lull her sleep,
 Tho' proudly she my plaints despise.

Yet should she waking condescend
 To thy soft warblings to attend,
 Oh ! tell her, mercy should invest,
 And dwell within so fair a breast ;
 Then bid her hear
 Leander's prayer,
 And say 'twould soothe his soul to rest,
 By doubt and hopeless love oppress.

To Sleep.

HASTE, Enchantress, to my bower,
 And thy poppies o'er me shower ;
 Hover nigh,
 That I may lie,
 Wrapt in thy oblivious pow'r.

Oft thou clos'st the sea boy's eyes,
 Tho' storms and tempests round him rise ;
 With peaceful breast
 He sinks to rest ;—
 Why then my earnest plaints despise ?

The courtier on his downy bed,
 Laments thy soothing influence fled ;
 Capricious fair,
 Thou dost repair
 To bless the rustic's lowly shed.

There tranquil peace and health appear,
 With innocence, his lot to cheer :
 His eyes thou'lt close,
 In calm repose,
 Undimm'd by wakeful sorrow's tear !

The weary restless bed of pain,
 Implores thy gentle aid in vain ;
 The sordid care,
 Which misers share,
 Is stranger to thy placid reign.

The envious and the guilty breast,
 By thy reviving smile unblest,
 Feel not thy gentle sway,
 And terror, with each frantic form,
 Which in disorder'd fancies swarm,
 Oft frighten thee away.

In friendship as in love unblest,
 By hopeless misery oppress,
 With palid cheek,
 Thy calm I seek ;
 Oh ! shed thy balm upon my breast,
 And give my weary senses rest.

To Emma.

SAY, when his beaming eye meets thine,
 Does thy fond heart tumultuous beat,
 With feelings thou can'st ne'er define,
 So strange, so new, and yet so sweet,

Say, when his voice salutes thine ear,
 Trembles thy frame in flutterings wild ;
 Say, frequent flows the silent tear,
 By mingled hope and fear beguil'd.

Say, in his absence dost thou sigh,
 Yet fear to wish for his return ;
 And watch the path with anxious eye
 He takes at eve and early morn.

Say, dost thou seek the faded flow'r
 Which he has worn, with anxious care ;
 Weep o'er, and kiss it many an hour,
 And let it still thy pillow share.

That downcast eye, that faded cheek,
 Soon, what thou fain wouldst hide, display ;
 And plainly, oh ! too plainly speak,
 My Emma's heart to love a prey !

Soliloquy.

WHY sinks my heart in stern despair
 At prospect of approaching sorrow ?
 Hast thou a train of virtues fair,
 To claim a bright unclouded morrow ?

Why, with resentment dost thou see,
 Thyself by faithless friends forsaken,
 For many better far than thee,
 By such misfortunes are o'ertaken.

Then cease to view with gloomy eye
 The ills with which this world's abounding ;
 Nor shed a tear, or heave a sigh,
 At evils past and storms surrounding.

'Tis but a passage to a life
 Where bliss is pure and never-ending,
 Where clos'd is passion's stormy strife,
 And all the train of ills attending.

No tears are there, no mournful sighs,
 There error, grief, and pain are o'er ;
 And there the sun of bliss shall rise,
 In glory rise to set no more.

Written amongst the Ruins of B—— Abbey.

HAIL ! lonely pile, by superstition's hand
 Amidst this solemn shade majestic rear'd !
 How art thou fallen by the rude command
 Of reckless time, with scarce a remnant spar'd.

Yet while I stray beneath thy ruins hoar,
 And round thy fragments mark the ivy twine,
 Reflection turns to days that are no more,
 When wealth and grandeur unimpair'd were thine.

Thy lofty dome, magnificently raised
 On marble columns, low in dust is laid ;
 Thy sculptur'd walls, by sacred statues graced,
 The reptile's desolate abode are made.

Between thy pavements, once in order fair,
 The long grass grows and noisome weed is seen ;
 In rugged moss grown heaps they now appear,
 And awful silence marks the ruin'd scene !

Ah ! where is now the unavailing bloom
 That graced thy inmates with resistless pride,
 Sunk and forgotten in the silent tomb,
 Where their sad history has also died.

Torn from each tie which social life endears,
 By some stern father's pride, or av'rice doom'd,
 To waste a joyless life in sighs and tears,
 With keen despair and tyranny entomb'd.

Ah, vainly did the sun resplendent rise,
 And on thy gothic windows shed his rays,

They saw him sinking in the western skies,
Without a beam of hope to gild their days.

Thus superstition's cruel hand effac'd
Each sacred claim that gives a charm to life,
And chill'd the heart, whose virtues might have grac'd
A happy home, as mother friend or wife !

There is the last retreat from all their woes—
What say the stones that here and there remain,—
They say, in death's embrace they now repose,
But time has render'd their inscriptions vain !

Thy walls, once glorious edifice, are laid
In desolation, crumbling to decay ;
The hooting owl now seeks thy desert shade,
And bats around thy ruins flit their way !

Yes, stately pile ! by superstition's hand,
Amidst this solemn shade, majestic rear'd !
Low art thou fallen, by the rude command
Of reckless time, with scarce a remnant spar'd.

To Hope.

FALSE deluder, sweet beguiler,
 Flatt'ring and deceitful smiler,
 Though betray'd, we trust thee still—
 Nor e'en can disappointment's chill
 Deprive thee of thy pow'r.
 And what is life without thy ray,
 To turn its darkness into day,
 To bid our sorrows fleet away,
 And gild the future hour.

Yet when that wish'd-for hour approaches,
 Though thou deservest our reproaches,
 Thou lead'st us captives at thy will ;
 And Syren ! we believe thee still,
 Though still thou dost betray.
 Thou, 'midst the workings of despair,
 Bid'st us this load of life to bear,
 And softly say'st we yet shall share
 A bright unclouded day.

The couch, where pain and sickness lie,
 Still, still, oh Hope ! thou hov'rest nigh ;
 Thy smile (that soothing balm of pain)
 Still says, that health shall smile again,
 And reign within the breast—

Till memory's pictures fleet away,
 Till check'd life's feebly trembling ray,
 And clos'd its sad, its painful day,
 In death's eternal rest.

Yes, *e'en* the dungeon's dark recess,
 Thy cheering influence can bless ;
 Tho' dark the grate, where Sol's bright ray,
 Scarce tells its inmate that 'tis day :

(Abode of misery !)

Yet there, *e'en there*, thou canst impart
 Thy transports to the pris'ner's heart,
 And bluntest sorrow's venom'd dart
 With promis'd liberty !

The lover, though his anguish swell
 To bursting, when he says "farewell !"
 (A long farewell,) to her most dear
 Life's sweetest charm—his only care
 When throbs his aching breast ;
 Thou scatt'rest roses in his way,
 And point'st to many a future day
 Of wedded bliss,—and oft dost say—
 "Thy love shall yet be blest."

When fortune's fluctuating tide
 Affection's tender ties divide,

And when the morning of life's day,
 Is spent in absence far away
 From those so fondly dear ;
 Thy glance, with magic sympathy,
 Can check the half-repining sigh,
 And thou canst banish from the eye,
 The unavailing tear.

The mother, with severest pangs,
 O'er her expiring infant hangs ;—
 But when near sinking in despair,
 Thy sweet delusive smiles appear,
 She listens to its breath !
 With mingled doubt and agony,
 She marks its pulse—its fading eye—
 And hopes—till she beholds it lie
 In cold and silent death.

Yet though the witness she has been,
 Of this last, sad, and awful scene ;
 When *all* thy promises are o'er,
 And *nought* can what she loves restore,
 Oh, Hope, enchanting maid!
 Dost thou no balsam to the heart
 Of thy fond votary impart ?
 Yes!—they shall meet, no more to part,
 Where death can ne'er invade.

Welcome, then, thou sweet beguiler,
 Flatt'ring and deceitful smiler,
 Though deceived I'll trust thee still,
 Nor e'en shall disappointment's chill
 Deprive thee of thy power!
 For what were life without thy ray,
 To turn its darkness into day,
 To bid our *sorrows* fleet away—
 And gild the future hour?

Storm in the Tropics.

WHY Nature, so lately enchantingly gay,
 O'ershadow'd with sadness and gloom ;
 Oh ! where the mild breeze, and the bright sunny ray,
 That shone thy fair scenes to illume.

The dark toiling race to their shelter have gone,
 The warblers of air to the thickets have flown,
 While the beasts to the caverns retire ;
 For hark ! how the thunder is rolling around,
 And see ! the tall mangoes the forests that crown'd
 So majestic of late, are on fire !

The rush of the torrent that bursts unconfin'd,
 The broad livid lightning, the roar of the wave,
 The crash of the forest, the howl of the wind,
 That echoes from mountain and cave—
 Yes Nature—if here in thy gayest attire,
 With smiles most seductive and sweet thou art seen;
 More awful thy rage, and relentless thy ire,
 When thou callest thy storms, and with forests on fire,
 Command'st desolation to frown o'er the scene!

The Storm subsided.

'Tis past—and bright nature her smile reassumes,
 Her gloom and her sadness no longer appear;
 And the newly burst rose-bud more fragrantly blooms,
 Though dishevell'd its bush and bedew'd with a tear.

How sweet is the odour the orange trees fling,
 From their white clust'ring blossoms refreshing the gale;
 How glad are the warblers that plume the gay wing
 So varied and glossy, and cheerfully sing
 From the lime trees that shadow the vale.

'Tis all wild profusion and beauty around,
 New blossoms, new flow'rets arise to the view;

Luxuriance and sweetness these vallies have crown'd,
 Enliven'd their verdure, and brighten'd their hue.—
 Oh Nature ! thy sadness has vanish'd away,
 Thy tears fell in torrents—but joy has return'd,
 And thy smile thus returning, enlivens the day
 With more beauty, than clouded had e'er been thy ray,
 Or its absence we never had mourn'd.

To the Beja Flor.

Oh ! say lovely fugitive, where is thy nest,
 Oh ! where thy soft home of repose,
 Is it hung in the lily's fair silvery breast,
 Or amidst the perfume of the rose.

Ah ! surely a being so volatile, never
 Since birth of creation was seen on the wing ;
 From rich shining azure still varying ever,
 To the gay em'rald tint that enlivens the spring.
 Diminutive, elegant, beautiful creature,
 Oh ! who would thy freedom invade,
 While inhaling each sweet on the bosom of nature,
 In valley, or mountain, or glade.

Sweet fairy-like flutterer, where is thy nest—
 Does thy pinion ne'er seek for repose ?
 While in woodlands and wilds of luxuriance blest,
 By ev'ry fair floweret fed and carest—
 Is thy home in the opening rose ?

To the Memory of my lamented Charles Adolphus.

SWEET babe ! on thy pillow of lasting repose,
 Why still do I weep thee ?
 How cruel the tear that incessantly flows,
 Or the wish in these deserts of woe that would keep thee.

The rosebud that yet in its envelope dies,
 In fragrance and beauty is gone ;
 The nestling that drops ere on wing it arise,
 Or forward it ventures alone,
 Is happy !—midst food which the forests contain,
 Is many a bitter and poisonous grain :
 The fowler, the hawk, and the vulture are there—
 Who live not to pity, and know not to spare.

The smile so ethereal that lighten'd those eyes
 Has never been darken'd by care ;

That innocent breath ne'er been wasted in sighs,
 Or thy hopes shaded o'er by despair.
 Like the dew drop illumed by Aurora's first ray,
 Unsullied and lovely thou passest away !

Oh why then, my darling, enwrap'd in repose,
 Why still do I weep thee ?
 Since selfish the tear which incessantly flows—
 Or the wish in these deserts of woe that would keep thee !

Parental Love.

WHERE is the feeling, warm yet pure,
 With all the soul's emotions wove,
 Which can thro' time and change endure ?
 'Tis thine, parental love !

By chance, by fantasy inspired,
 Love smiles—a beauteous wayward boy,
 With passion's transient summer fired,
 Soon has his fev'rish reign expired,
 And (when unmingled with esteem)
 For ever flies—a short-liv'd dream—
 A wild uncertain joy !

Friendship arises from the ties
 Of mutual tastes and mutual feeling,
 But mutual kindness past she flies—
 No more her seraph smile revealing.
 Even o'er the throb that warms the breast
 Replete with filial gratitude—
 How soon shall other ties intrude,
 And give thee, now so lov'd and blest,
 A secondary claim, at best.

The child may bathe the parent's urn—
 With tears of heart-felt anguish mourn,
 But cannot mourn for ever :
 While in the fond parental breast
 Still clings that tender interest,
 Which death alone can sever.

The Globe Amaranthus.

Yes—the rose is both fragrant and bright to the view,
 Yes—the lily is spotless and fair—
 And sweet is the violet begemm'd with the dew,
 That breathes forth its balm to the air.
 Oh ! bright the carnation and rich its perfume,
 And grateful the jessamine's elegant flower—

They smile, when the blushes of morning illumine
 The beauties of nature, but short-liv'd their bloom—
 The wonder and pride of an hour.

Not such is the lustre thy charms which adorn,
 Sweet emblem of constancy—tender and true,
 For evening may close, and bright morning return,
 Yet thy bloom is unchang'd and unalter'd thy hue—
 Unfaded by time, and undim'd by the storm,
 In summer, and autumn and winter the same.
 Then of thy radiant flowrets my garland I'll form—
 And still shall they flourish, look lovely and charm—
 When the rose and the lily have left but a name.

Morning.

THE rising sun with golden ray
 Now casts night's shadowy veil away,
 And with benignant smile restores the laughing day.

From the may-blossom'd bush
 Sweet sings the mellow thrush,
 While thousand mingled harmonies proceed
 From the thick clustering wood that skirts yon dewy mead.

The soul of beauty smiles around,
 The violet, primrose, pansy strew the ground,
 A thousand sparkling gems are seen
 To deck the woodbine bow'r and grace the valley green.

While many a butterfly with colors gay
 Woos the just opening rose,
 And ev'ry flow'r that blows,
 To give new beauties to the dawning day.

From her low nest amidst the corn
 The merry lark upsprings
 And her orison sings,
 To hail thy glad return, oh welcome Morn !

To Emma.

TAKE again this once lov'd token,
 All once thine I now restore,
 Pledge of faith betray'd and broken—
 Hopes which now are mine no more !

This alone unchang'd remains ;
 Still the bloom resembles thine—
 Still the witching ringlets twine

Wanton cupid's golden chains.—
 Still the vermeil lip is smiling—
 Still the tender glance beguiling!

No ! this pledge no change could prove,
 Cherish'd near a heart so true—
 But since thou hast ceased to love—
 Take thy vain remembrance too.
 Lost its charm—its value o'er,
 Since thy heart is mine no more !

Take these violets which thy fingers
 Gave with matchless tenderness ;
 (Still imagination lingers
 O'er that eve of magic bliss).
 Softly breathed the evening gale,
 Sweetly sang night's plaintive bird—
 Emma listening heard my tale—
 Listening and approving heard ;
 When we parted—thro' the night
 These beneath my pillow lay,
 Breathing visions of delight—
 Follow'd by a happier day.
 Day of vows—esteemed no more,
 Emma's faith and love are o'er !

Take them ! and when former feeling
 Shall its banish'd reign resume—
 Thou—even thou, mayst, softly stealing,
 Strew them o'er Fidelio's tomb !

To Albert.

Vainly wouldst thou break thy chain—
 Vainly flutter to be free—
 Yield to doubt or jealousy—
 And wander like the changeful bee
 From flow'r to flow'r in Flora's blooming reign.
 Vain, Albert, thy attempt—thy wishes vain—
 To her once fondly lov'd that heart shall turn again.

Thou canst not in oblivion shade
 Those days—that ah ! too swiftly flying—
 Beheld us in our native glade,
 Thy heart upon my faith relying.—
 No ! memory is my friend—and she
 Will not let that heart be free ;
 Her living pencil forms no trace in vain,
 To her once fondly lov'd thou shalt return again.

Daybreak.

AMIDST these blossom'd bowers,
 Gilded by the laughing morn,
 Which nature's hand has gloried to adorn
 At once with fruit and flowers,
 Let us, dearest Edwin, stray,
 And list the mingled music of the spray.

Here, in glossy azure plumes,
 Shading softly into gold,
 Brazilia's nightingale behold,
 Who ev'ry eve her song resumes,
 And in softly plaintive measure
 Thrills thro' the soul a sweetly pensive pleasure.

There that minim creature view,
 Of ruby and of em'rald hue,
 In softly silken plumage drest—
 That seeks the roses fragrant bosom,
 The spicy pink and jas'mine's blossom :
 Here nature's wonder shines confest,
 Well may its radiant lustre claim
 From the sun's golden rays its name ;
 The Colibri—the Fly bird too,
 Hang on each fragrant flow'r and suck its balmy dew.

Whether the mountain's rugged heights we climb,
 Or thy minutia trace
 Of beauty and of grace,
 'Tis here, oh Nature, in thy favor'd clime
 Thy beauty shines most fair, thy grandeur most sublime!

The Grot.

THE honeysuckle wildly twin'd,
 And with the damask rose combin'd,
 To ornament a rustic spot,
 And shade the entrance of a grot,
 A cavern deep, whose calm retreat
 Form'd a delightful shade from Sol's meridian heat.

Its rugged steps, by nature thrown,
 Were form'd of many a moss-clad stone,
 With wild heath fring'd, and stone crofts rude,
 Shedding their balmy fragrance o'er this solitude!

There led by many a winding way,
 Where green and mossy banks surround
 A thousand sparkling rills that play,
 Soft murmuring o'er the pebbled ground;
 The rocky arch that rose above,
 Where chrystal drops resplendent hung,
 Oft echo'd to the vows of love
 That flow'd from his enchanting tongue.

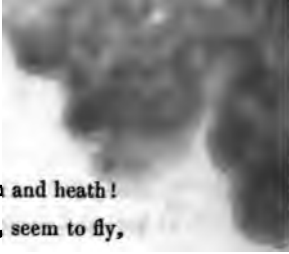
Sweet scene! where evening, morn and noon,
 Like fleetest moments flew,
 Why did thy echoing vault so soon
 Repeat his *last adieu*!

Evening.

Soft and fresh the evening breezes
 Breathe their fragrance o'er the plain;
 Hark! the busy hum increases
 Of the mingled insect train—
 See the fire-fly, night's attendant,
 Hidden now—now seen resplendent.

Hark! the tiger's distant cry
 Echo's voice repeating—
 Heaven guard my Henry passing by,
 Where yon woods form a canopy,
 Their horrid inmates meeting!
 My heart sinks sad within my breast
 To think what foes his path infest.

That dreadful snake of vermil hue,
 Whose aim is sure, whose wound is death;
 The fatal Ibiboca, too—



Infest the valley, plain and heath !
There, urged by hunger, seem to fly,
While livid lightening darts from either eye.

The swiftest foot, the trustiest sword is vain—
Ne'er shall their hapless victim rise
To greet his anxious kindred's eyes,
Or hail his home again.
Oh ! guard his path—protect him heavenly power,
Nor hang with cypress wreaths affection's roseate bower.

Abt Marias.

With mingled piety and grace,
Meek Josephina turns her face
Towards the setting sun ;
Her daughter also fervent turns,
Upon her cheek emotion burns ;
No eye more radiant ever shone,
Or beam'd with livelier feeling :
To see her ardor you would say,
Few maids there are so young and gay
Such pious thoughts revealing.

But could the watchful mother know
From whence these strong emotions flow,

And that Louisa's thoughts then rove
 To seek a cherish'd absent love—
 That when he breath'd his sad adieu,
 Both promis'd ev'ry eve to gaze,
 The sun's departing beams to view,
 And mutual watch his parting rays.

'Tis Lucio's name her lips repeat,
 With his idea her bosom glows !
 No wonder then she turns to greet
 The sun when sinking to repose.

TO MY

Eldest Son on the Anniversary of his Birthday.

Yes, dearest boy, I hail thy natal day
 With rapture language scarcely can define,
 And fondly hope that sweet contentment's ray
 May thus on ev'ry passing moment shine.

Fond fancy, still reverting, turns her eye
 To that lov'd hour when o'er thee first I hung—
 Gaz'd on each feature—heard thy trembling cry,
 Or caught the first form'd accents from thy tongue.



When first I saw thy fearful footsteps turn
 To meet thy much lov'd father's raptur'd kiss,
 Whilst I knelt anxious, watching thy return
 With mingled fear and hope, and pride and bliss.

Still may such tears of heartfelt feeling flow,
 Still may I view that generous heart unfold,
 True to affection, warm with honor's glow,
 In danger fearless, and in virtue bold.

Led by affection's fond parental care,
 Oh may each day thy worth, thy bliss improve :
 But how can language paint a mother's prayer ?
 Warm from a heart of fear, of hope, of love !

Ruins.

SAD, solitary, desert scene,
 All desolate and lowly laid,
 I hail thy melancholic mien,
 And seek thy pensive shade !

Thou who hast once the centre been
 Of commerce, science, wealth and peace,
 Oh say ! what change could intervene
 To bid these blessings cease.

No interrupting sound,
Breaks the still calm of nature reigning round ;
Nought but the undulating wave,
Which ever and anon these fragments lave,
Once the high seat of splendor, now its grave !

The statues which by ruin spared
Grace this once stately bridge of stone,
In mutilated grandeur rear'd,
And lighted by the silvery moon,
Appear to muse alone,
Like shades of those who are no more,
Who mourn departed scenes which nought can e'er restore!

Within these walls, with moss overgrown,
Where hoots night's solemn bird,
Once pleasure's gay enlivening tone,
In sprightly notes was heard:
The mirthful thoughtless busy throng,
Here, once combining, moved along !
Here industry creative smiled ;
Here comfort labour's toils beguiled ;
Here wealth his riches told ;
The purple wrought in Tyrian looms,
Arabian treasures and perfumes,
And Ophir's purest gold !



Here once mid cultivated meads,
Fair habitations rose,
Where now the poisonous reptile feeds
Midst nature's calm repose.
The vineyard and the fruitful field
Their corn and wine were wont to yield :
Vain is the question, where are they ?
All in oblivion lost, and crumbled to decay !

Deserted city ! what remains
Of thy once brilliant reign
But ruin'd towers and desert plains,
Memorials sad and vain !
The murmur of the busy crowd,
By commerce brought from every shore ;
The poor, the wealthy, and the proud—
Alike are heard no more !

Ye palaces ! where sceptred kings
The sumptuous banquet shared,
Now mid your halls the thistle springs,
Beneath your sculptured roofs are heard
The humming Bismoth's cry :
The ivy round each column clings,
The bat here flaps her leaden wings,
And rears her progeny :

Of lowest vilest poverty
 The comfortless resort ;
 Has fate or fortune, in her sports,
 Bade worms your inmates be,
 And serpents glide amidst your courts,
 Deriding majesty ;
 While ev'ry sighing echo seems to say,
 Thus nations rise—and flourish—and decay !

The Birthday.

THEY say, that Love, a captious boy,
 In fetters bound, will pine and die ;
 That Hymen's bonds his fires destroy,
 Respiring but for liberty.

They say, that ere a few short years,
 His pinions droop, his roses fade ;
 That syren hope no more appears,
 While cold distrust approaching bears
 Each joy to dark oblivion's shade.

Oh thou ! to whom this heart is bound,
 By all affection's tenderest ties,
 How is it then, that years roll round
 And time with swiftest pinion flies ;

That yon bright orb for nine short years
 Has risen and set, yet still the same
 Thy tenderness unlessest'd cheers—
 Undimm'd affection's mutual flame;
 Thy absence still I restless mourn,
 Still anxious watch thy wish'd return.

That well known voice—that magic smile,
 Have lost no atom of their power;
 They still can ev'ry care beguile,
 And gild the sweet domestic hour!

And who with me each feeling shares
 That on thy natal day arise,
 Go, list our dear ones artless prayers—
 Go, read in their expressive eyes
 All that the parent, lover, husband, friend,
 Can in the warmest heart's sincere emotions blend

A solitary Scene.

MIDST this lonely solitude,
 Where briars and where thorns intrude,
 The spreading figtrees grow;

And here the stately cocoa towers,
 The orange spreads its dazzling flowers,
 And fragrant myrtles blow.

Here shines resplendent morning's ray,
 Or lustre of meridian day ;
 But, when its radiance dying,
 Mild evening sheds her dewy tears,
 The soul of solitude appears
 Among its branches sighing.

Brazil.

BRAZIL ! thy soil with richness teeming,
 Thy sun eternal radiance beaming,
 Unite on thy salubrious coast
 The mingled blessings various nations boast.

Ascending near those smiling meads,
 From whence its course yon river leads,
 What beauties meet the view !
 How sweet thy mild, thy fragrant gales,
 Thy green-topp'd hills—thy blossom'd vales,
 Where sparkling dews
 Their balm diffuse,

And with thy nights of matchless freshness bring
Upon thy lovely shores one everlasting spring.

But would the traveller further stray,
Adventurous let him bend his way
Where in thy bosom mighty forests tower,
And form one giant bower ;
Where e'en thy radiant sun's pervading blaze
Can scarcely dart his golden rays ;
Whose echoes human voice ne'er broke,
Or answer'd to the woodman's stroke :—
One solemn shade—one wild unravell'd maze.

Mark—how around those stately pines
The shrub embracing twines,
Even to the utmost summit wound,
With flowers of various hue magnificently bound ;
From thence descending strikes again to earth
And takes a second birth.
Then re-ascending (heedless wanderer) roves
From branch to branch amongst these mystic groves,
As chance directs, or passing gales may blow,
Till all the woods with matchless garlands glow—
Impassable to those who seek a path below.

These labyrinths the monkey tribes ascending,
Sport midst their wilds, or by their tails suspending

Pluck the ripe fruits that mong these native bow'rs
 Combine luxuriant with surrounding flow'rs :
 Some shrubs there are that creep so strongly round
 The tree, its infant germ once sought,
 That by its strengthen'd tendrils bound
 (To death and ruin brought)
 Its benefactor sinking, fades away,
 And in the prime of greatness tumbles to decay !

The Soldier Departing.

WHAT tho' I leave my Emma's side,
 My little pratlers, native home,—
 My country's voice with martial pride,
 In search of glory, bids me roam.

And will not Emma's soul delight
 When of her country's fame she hears,
 Proud rising in victorious might?
 “ Ah no ! 'tis bought with blood and tears ! ”

Oh ! calm thy terrors, hush thy sighs,
 Thy Edgar soon return'd thou'lt see,
 With laurels crown'd he'll meet thine eyes,
 Won for his country, and for thee !

"Alas!" my fond prophetic heart
 Still whispers, "hope shall smile in vain!
 It tells me Edgar, that we part,
 Ah! never more to meet again.

Perhaps thy wounded corse will lie
 Unwept, unmourn'd, midst heaps of dead,
 Nor Emma's soothing voice be nigh,
 Nor Emma's hand support thy head.

And shouldst thou even yet return,
 Safe from a host of ruthless foes,
 Oh! mark me Edgar! thou may'st mourn
 Thy Emma, sunk in death's repose.

And who my infants, (sadden'd thought!)
 Shall lead your steps in virtue's way?
 By whom your infant minds be taught,
 Far from the snares of vice to stray?

Oh! Emma cease, nor let these fears
 Thy fortitude, thy soul subdue;
 (He turned to hide the falling tears
 Which here, his manly cheeks bedew.)

Dry, dry my love those tearful eyes,
 Thy mournful grief, thy sighs command,

And oh ! forgive the sacrifice,
 My honor, country, fame, demand !

Adieu dear girl,—my love, my wife,
 For hark ! that drum,—thy prayers be mine ;
 And heav'n will spare thy soldier's life,
 To add felicity to thine.

The Soldier Returned.

He leans on his crutch, and the scars which we trace,
 Bespeak him of valor, the son,
 While tears of remembrance still hastily chase
 Each other, adown the brave veteran's face,
 Where once smiles of happiness shone.

He leans on his crutch, and fond fancy renews
 The spot where his cottage arose,
 While with eager distraction and wildness he views
 The desolate scene, which his firmness subdues,
 And o'erwhelms his sad bosom with woes.

That home, ere he left it (abode of delight)
 Was cheer'd by his Emma's sweet smile ;

By two innocent dear ones,—but clouded in night
They never again shall enrapture his sight,
Nor his bosom of sorrow beguile.

And tell me, what meed does his country bestow
On her son for his valor so true?
Fond tears of affection, in vain did ye flow!
Warm heart of a parent, in vain didst thou glow,
To his country—he sacrificed you!!

To bleed for his country life's morning he gave,
Yet its eve will be clouded in woes!
And what's the reward that's reserved for the brave?
His scars, and his crutch, and the dark, lowly grave
Where his wife, and his children repose!!

FINIS.



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